

1852.

Across

THE

Plains.

By Origen Thomson



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Crossing The Plains.

♦ ♦ ♦ *NARRATIVE* ♦ ♦ ♦

OF THE

Scenes, Incidents AND Adventures

ATTENDING THE

OVERLAND JOURNEY

OF THE

Decatur and Rush County
Emigrants to the "far-off"
. Oregon, in 1852.

Printed from a Diary of Daily Events kept by the late . . .
ORIGEN THOMSON;

. With an Introductory Chapter by MRS. CAMILLA T.
DONNELL, and a Thrilling Narrative of a Buffalo
Hunt and Battle Royal with Mountain Wolves, by
MR. SUTHERLAND McCOY.

ORVILLE THOMSON. Printer:
GREENSBURG, INDIANA

. . . 1896 . . .



PREFACE.

FORTY-FOUR YEARS have sped their devious course since the occurrence of the events herein narrated. The patriarchs of that Exóduſ—its Moses and Aaron—have passed to the “over yonder,” as have also the generation that best knew them here; but they are not forgotten, and it is this fragrant remembrance of them, by those living, that calls for the publication of these “*Field Notes of a Journey over the Plains in the Summer of 1852.*” (These “*Notes*” were mere short-hand “snap shots,” taken on the spot, and written out in full after reaching their destination, in accordance with the parting request of our father, and make no pretense to literary style.)

The “Genesis and Exodus” is a memory picture, drawn by Mrs. CAMILLA (THOMSON) DONNELL, one of the party, especially for this little work. This is also true of the story of “A Buffalo Hunt and Battle Royal with Mountain Wolves.” Mr. MCCOY is so well known in this community as to need no voucher for its truthfulness. He has had a somewhat adventurous life: a scout on the Plains, a soldier in the Indian war in Oregon and California, and again for over two years in the War for the Union; and he now looks back upon that night, when surrounded by savage beasts ravenous for his blood, as his most terrific experience.

ORVILLE THOMSON.

GREENSBURG IND., MAY 1896.

EAST TOWER COURTHOUSE, : : : : : GREENSBURG, INDIANA.



THE Decatur County Courthouse was erected in the later 50's. The foundation was begun in 1854, but the building was not occupied by the Court until 1860. The basement, and that part of the Tower shown in the cut are of Decatur county limestone, laid in grout made of lime, sand and Portland cement. Its height is 112 feet above ground.

About 1875 a small sprout of Silver Maple was discerned growing out of the seams between the stones, and soon after another and another, until there were five, and the first had reached a height of 14 feet and 4 inches diameter. When the building was remodeled, in 1889, all the older ones were removed—the two shown in the cut being allowed to remain.

These Trees have drawn to our city hundreds of visitors, from all parts of the Union—with many from Europe—all of whom unite in saying, "The eighth Wonder of the World."

The Oregon Pilgrimage:

Its Genesis and The Exodus.



“WESTWARD HO! over the snow-capped mountains,” was the exclamation as we left our pleasant Indiana homes, to cast our lots and seek our fortunes in the “Far West.” It was not all light and joyous. It meant a world of things to us: it meant leaving homes and loved ones, parents and friends—those whom we had grown up with—to endure the hardships of a long and tedious journey; to brave the dangers of camp life in mountain wilds, added to the terror from fear of molestation by the indians. Although courage and enthusiasm was kept up, deep down in our hearts was a load of sadness.

About the year 1850, (soon after the discovery of gold in California,) Congress passed what is known as “The Donation Land-claim Bill,” giving to actual settlers, from any unoccupied lands,—to a man and wife, six hundred and forty acres, and to a single man or an unmarried woman, three hundred and twenty. These two inducements caused many home and gold seekers in the older States to turn their thoughts and inquiries toward the land of the setting sun. Maps and geographies, and all sources of information accessible, were eagerly studied.

My brother ORIGEN and ZELIK M. DONNELL and myself, to the latter of whom I was married on the 3rd day of February, 1852, had previously decided to attempt the journey across that region mapped down as “The Great American Desert” with a company being

organized—mostly from Decatur and Rush counties, Indiana, with a considerable number of Ohio and Illinoisans,—and consisting of near one hundred persons, including heads of families, a number of single gentlemen and ladies and children.

The expedition was a matter of the greatest interest to the entire community, and was the chief topic of discussion for months previous to its departure. The persons composing the party were among the oldest and best known families of that section, and were well fixed financially. Rev. JAMES WORTH, who had been for twenty years the pastor of the Associate Reformed church at Springhill, his wife and six well-grown-up-children, and his father, 75 years old, (known throughout that neighborhood as “grand-father Worth”;) also two elders of his church and many members with their families were of the party.

Dr. ROBERT H. CRAWFORD, of Clarksburg, resigned his seat in the State Senate, then in session, gave up a lucrative practice, to come to a country that was reputed so healthy as not to need a physician, as a pioneer. There were persons of almost all occupations,—many newly married couples,—seeking homes.

“Where flows the Oregon,
And hears no sound save his own dashings.”

The Sunday previous to our departure, March 5th, we were prayed for from all the pulpits. I well remember the impressive services that were held at my father’s house, the morning we started, by Rev. JOSEPH G. MONFORT, later editor of the *Presbyter and Herald* of Cincinnati; after which the sad leave taking, which we then thought would be our last: and so it proved to be, with many of us. My father went with us the first

day—returning the next morning. I never saw him again. He died February 6, 1856.

At Madison a new boat, the Kate Sweeney, was chartered for the trip to St. Joseph, Mo., the point of departure. My first steamboat ride was over the Falls of the Ohio. I cannot describe with what intense interest I watched for the place where the Ohio empties into the Mississippi. There seemed something almost mysterious in the scene when we steamed into the yellow flood of the Missouri. It seemed as though it was one of the grand features of the continent.

We landed at St. Joseph, Missouri, March 27th; bought our teams and supplies to last all through the way; traveled through Iowa one hundred miles; crossed the Missouri river May 9th and 10th, on a rope ferry, where Omaha now stands. All that immense region was then uninhabited, save by indians and great herds of buffalo. Only the indian trails, and that made by the buffalo, as they went to the river for water and came from The Bluffs, relieved the eye. The silence was oppressive, and was only broken by the songs of the birds, the wings of the locust, or the wave made by wind on the tall prairie grass.*

Most of our people were in stout covered wagons, drawn principally by oxen—a few by mules or horses, and packed with boxes, bundles, bedding, tin cans; in short, all the equipments of a camper who, as it were, has taken his life in his hands and gone into an un-

*This was many years ago; and, were it not for the personal milestones along down life's vista, it would seem like a distant dream. . . . Twenty-five years later, when I returned over this route the indian and buffalo trails were laid with steel rails and I crossed the river in a Pullman car.

known country, for an unknown length of time, and cut off from communication with any base of supplies. On both north and south sides of the Platte, as far as the vision could reach, was one continuous line of "prairie schooners," (emigrant's wagons.) We had now passed the line of civilization; all were in good spirits—the young people enthusiastic. There were some good singers among us; some had their musical instruments, and these betimes made the solitude ring. The refrain of one favorite song was

"Come along, come along—don't be alarmed;

Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm."

No plow had ever turned a furrow in that black loam; the tall grass seemed to reach to the tops of the wagons; very few trees, or other landmarks, by which to measure distances. It was though a race of people had once lived there and become extinct, leaving no trace, and nature had been left unaltered. The face of the country was unlike any I had ever before seen; the clearness of the atmosphere made distant objects seem too near. We once thought to walk a half-mile off the road to see Chimney and Independence rocks, and the distance was nearer ten miles than one.

The indians were a new study to me. We would see a number of them outlined above the horizon, their weird songs rising and falling monotonously. Even their ponies ambled along, with their heads down, as if conscious of their independence. In the years since passed I have tried to know more of the aborigines of our country; have tried to look into his nature; have alternately hoped and despaired of his being bettered; and have been glad when there was any move by the "great father" at Washington for his protection and ad-

vancement in good citizenship. Indians have strong attachments to their homes and their children, and it is probably along this line that the "indian problem" is to be—if ever—solved.

We forded Platte river at the place where Platte City now stands. Chimney Rock was about five hundred miles west of the Missouri, and, standing quite by itself, rose out of the prairie to a height of several hundred feet. Many of the emigrants carved their names on this rock, which appeared to be composed of a soft sandstone. On the same flat plain was Independence Rock, elevated some five hundred feet above the level of the prairie. One portion of our party arrived here on July 4, and selected this spot as the scene of a marriage ceremony—the contracting parties being I. N. Smith and Josaphine Gray. Their children and grand children still reside in Oregon.

Much of the way there was great scarcity of wood, and we had to carry it a long way and to practice great economy in using it. Each wagon messed by itself, and did its own cooking. On camping, a corral was made of wagons, drawn to a circle, and the stock was driven inside; the yokes of the oxen were laid by the wagon, when the beasts themselves were turned into the enclosure if any danger was anticipated from Indians. If we were in what was considered a safe spot the animals were taken outside of the corral after being unharnessed and unyoked, to some place near by where they fed all night, and were driven back only when it came time to break camp. The night was divided into three watches: one man was always on guard, to see that the stock did not wander, and give the alarm in case of any danger.

After leaving the Platte country we came into that of the Black Hills. Here the cattle suffered much from sore feet, the black rocks making the traveling very slow and wearisome: fifteen to twenty miles being a very good day's journey. The first snow peaks I had ever seen arose in sight when we came to South Pass.* The three peaks, which are part of the Rocky Mountain range, lay to the north of us, covered with perpetual snow. The summit of the range was reached on the day of our National Independence, and we felt that we were fast reaching the *Land of Promise*. The fact that all rivers we now crossed were running toward that land was in itself a source of joy to us.

Arriving at The Dalles, after fording Des Chutes river, we found but one house, a log, and a few old log buildings, belonging to the Methodist Mission, located on the hill above. The beach of the Columbia river at The Dalles was covered with tents, and there must have been a thousand persons living in them at the time of our arrival—awaiting transportation by batteaux, to the Willamette Valley. Sutherland McCoy, Scott Patten and my brother Origen took the cattle and horses overland, by the trail leading along the Columbia river into the Dog-river valley.

The rest of the party took passage in the batteaux, under charge of French Canadians, crossing the Cascade mountains at a point directly opposite where the Government has since built the locks, by means of a kind of horse-car. The portage was about a mile-and-a-half long, and the cars of a most primitive make, capable of holding but few persons at a time. Many of

*This Pass is about thirty miles north of the line of the Central Pacific Railroad.

of the party drove around, by a longer route, to the landing. The camping outfits were loaded into wagons from the batteaux, and hauled across this portage to the small steamboat at the lower landing. A man of our party named Craig, whose wife died on the trip, was too worn out and weak at this time to care for his small child, who was also very sick. I took charge of the child and floated over the Cascades in an indian canoe, manned by indians. The child died about two weeks after this.*

We arrived in Portland late at night, at the end of our long journey, and the sight of the lights of the little village in the woods filled our hearts with warmth and comfort. A Methodist church stood on the site of the present Taylor-street church, and near here my husband hired a little house, recently built, until we should decide where we would settle. We stayed in Portland but two weeks, and then went to Dayton, in Yamhill county, camped on the bank of Yamhill river, and began to look around us to see by what means we were to live.

Gen'l. Palmer was the prominent man of Dayton—an "old" resident, having been there five or six years—and had a saw mill, a grist mill, and a large farm. My husband and brother both secured temporary work at the mills, and the General, learning that I was a school teacher, suggested that I should take the school at that place, a position I gladly accepted. My salary was \$50 a month, and was promptly paid me at the ex-

* Daniel T. Craig was his name: his wife's maiden name was Margaret Swem—daughter of Daniel Swem, a pioneer of the Kingston neighborhood. They were married June 19th, 1845, by Rev. Williamson Terrill.

piration of each four weeks, in what was known here in those days as "slugs."* There were ten to fifteen pupils, among them a daughter of General Palmer—a Mrs. Andrew Smith. She had at the time a small child—not old enough, however, to attend school.

We remained in Dayton but four months, and then moved on to Lynn county, near Brownsville, where we took up a "Donation" claim. This was the reason of our moving: that we might take advantage of the law, and acquire land of our own on which to found a home in this land of bright skies and glorious verdures. Our "lares and penates" were still transported by way of wagon, drawn by oxen, and our bed was where the setting sun found us.

The Worths, the Henrys, the Mahans, the Crawfords, the Downeys and others were located around us, having settled on claims of their own. Mary Stevenson, a member of Mr. Henry's family, of our original party, married now to Zenas F. Moody, had, with her husband, taken the claim adjoining ours.

CAMILLA THOMSON DONNELL.

THE DALLES, OREGON, March 1896.



*The "slug" was made by the Oregon and California authorities, there being no Mint then on this "slope," and was of pure California gold. They were of octagonal shape, and of \$5, \$10, and \$20 value. The Oregon die is a beaver. There are but few of them left, and these are of great value as souvenirs.

Dedication : : : The Author's Apology.



TO MY BELOVED FATHER—at whose particular request, only, are these pencillings transcribed, this manuscript volume is affectionately dedicated.

—Lest these lines should fall into the hands of persons unacquainted with the circumstances of their production, a few words of explanation may be here necessary. This manuscript was written out at the particular request of my father, before my leaving home, and seconded by a few friends, who wished to see in chronological form the incidents, and, as much as possible, a description of the country through which the trail passes. It is, therefore, only written out for private circulation, (among a few friends,) as the Author cannot see any merit in it that would induce others to spend time in its perusal, or repay them if they did. * * * *

And if this manuscript should be the means of affording any gratification to *him* for whose especial benefit it was written, and to those friends who may honor it with a perusal, and should give them a better idea of a trip across the Plains and be the means of their making better arrangements than the writer made, he will be amply repaid for his time and trouble.

"FILIUS."

"FIELD NOTES"

◆ — C F A — ◆

Journey Across The Plains, IN THE SUMMER OF 1852.

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"**W**ESTWARD-HO!" is the watchword of the American people. "*Onward—Progression*" is their motto—as well in felling forests and subduing wildernesses, as in the application of steam and electricity to the useful arts, the Eldorado continually recedes with the flowing tide of emigration. The *Far West* has long since left the Mississippi valley and alighted on the shores of the Pacific. For what place she may again plume her flight, let sages speculate and seers prognosticate.

From my boyhood I have had a preference for Oregon—a desire to visit and examine for myself, and see if *the half had been told*. I will not attempt to account for the preference: it may have been the romance that hovered over her like an enchantment, heightened by the glowing accounts I had read of the fertility of her soil, the salubrity of her climate, the majesty of her mountains, or her noble forests and pure rivers of water. This season Providence opened the way; I made the venture; with what success the sequel will show. *Tuesday, March 8, (1852,)* was the day appointed for our departure. The evening previous a number of our relatives, mostly from the country, called upon us and spent the evening. By 9.00 they had all left; I then went to my room, wrote a page or two in my sister's album, adjusted my clothes, books, papers, etc., and then—surrendered to Morpheus.

I woke next morning, after a refreshing sleep, but with different feelings from any I had ever felt before. I now realized more fully the sacrifice I was about to make. Heretofore it had appeared as a day-dream—a reverie; now I felt it was a stern reality. My judgment had told me of this truth; now I had a vivid impression on my mind—a melancholy gloom possessed me, which, however, soon wore off and I was again calm as ever. After dinner, Rev. FRANCIS MONFORT, (the old gentleman,) conducted some appropriate religious exercises—singing and prayer, and after shaking hands of the friends there assembled our wagon drove off—father accompanying us as far as Napoleon. I was detained awhile, awaiting the finishing of my gun, and one of my old companions accompanied me a mile or two of the way, where we bade adieu. So I was left to plod the rest of the way in silence and alone.

Night overtook me at Cobb's Fork, and as I rode along, now jogging my mare into a trot as she came to a dry piece of road, and encouraging her when floundering in a mud-hole, my thoughts were busy all the time: the home I had just left, the many ties that had been broken, friends to whom I was most fondly attached; and instead of indulging in those bright anticipation of futurity which youth ever pictures to the imagination, I drew the *dark side of the picture*; I was to become a stranger in a strange land—a wanderer from home. * * At 9.00 o'clock I reached the village of Napoleon; the taverns were all full—the *Oregon Boys* had taken possession of them. I managed to secure a lodging at the tavern where our wagon had stopped, by dispossessing the hostler of his bed. My new sensations did not keep me long awake, for the fatigue soon wrapped me in slumber.

Wednesday, March 9.—Eating an early breakfast, we passed Versailles at 9 00 and reached Madison at 4 30. I got on board the "Telegraph No. 2" and went to Lawrenceburg to attend to some business for my father. The boat was very much crowded—over two hundred aboard—and I slept none until 1 30, when we arrived at Lawrenceburg. . Despatched my business next morning, loafed around town all day, went aboard a packet in the evening, and took bed at an early hour to make up for last night's wakefulness. When waked the next morning (11th,) we were lying at the Cincinnati wharf.

Saturday, March 12—Messrs. Worth and Craw-came up, and after looking at several boats, we selected the "Kate Sweeney", a new boat on her first trip, built for the Missouri river trade; the rates agreed upon were \$7 a passenger, 25 cents a hundred for freight, and \$4 per wagon to St. Louis. We then went to the Exchange and drew gold for paper money, which was unnecessary as western paper answered at St. Jo to buy outfit; we only needed gold to start with on the trip. About the middle of the afternoon I went aboard the Kate Sweeney to rest the remainder of the day. Here I formed acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, of Clarksburg, who were to be of our company. Also Mr. Hanna, who was hunting a boat to go down the river.

Sunday morning, March 13.—This morning, although Sabbath, the wharf was all life and activity, noisy as ever. We pushed out about ten o'clock, and by half past seven arrived in Madison. Some few families came aboard at night, but most of them stayed out until morning.

Monday, March 14.—At midnight we commenced loading on our wagons. and by daylight they were all on board. After breakfast, we brought our baggage on board, as well as 100,000 feet of poplar lumber for Boonsville, Missouri. At ten o'clock we slipped cable, and at four were lying at the Louisville wharf—this city presents rather an unfavorable appearance from the boat.—The houses on Water street are dirty, smoky and have the appearance of age; passing up into the city, it has a fine appearance. Yesterday we had a strong head wind; to-day it is not quite so bad.

Tuesday, March 15.—Yet at Louisville, as the Captain had to settle off with the builders and finishers of his boat. Mr. Hanna came in last night on the 'North River,' and passed down during the night. We started at ten o'clock, passed over the falls, quite exciting passing through the "Slante."

Wednesday, March 16.—Touched at Shawntown, Kentucky, and I went ashore, and had a fine race to get back in time. One fellow just ahead of me was running with a bottle in his hand, tripped against the gangway and fell sprawling. I did not wait to see what become of him, but ran aboard in a hurry.—Passed the mouth of the Ohio about 9 o'clock. Last night we had a very hard storm, and passed the 'North River' lying by. The Captain tried to land, but could not, and had to weather the storm.

Friday, March 18.—Arrived in St. Louis about ten in the morning, the wind was too strong, and the dust in the streets flying so, that I stayed aboard most of the time. After dark we put out again, and passed the mouth of the Missouri river during the night. The Price of passage agreed upon from here to St. Jo. was

\$11 for passengers, 50 cents per hundred for freight and \$7 for wagons.

Sunday, March 20.—Had service to-day in the cabin, both in the morning and afternoon. Mr. Worth preached in the morning from the text, "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, but the greatest of these is charity:" a short but good discourse, which was well listened to by the passengers; but contrasted strangely to hear the voice of prayer and praise mingling with clashing of ponderous machinery, and the noise of the deck hands at their work, especially to one accustomed to the peace and quiet of a village church. Feeling unwell, I laid down in my berth while the first table were eating, fell asleep, and did not awake until after the afternoon service was over.

Monday, March 21.—Made Boonville after dinner. Our boat is owned here, and her chief officers reside here. The captain's lady, who came all the way with us, went ashore; and the first clerk's wife accompanied us the remainder of the trip. A great many citizens visited the boat, and what most attracted my attention was a company of very pretty girls. They almost induced me to stop in Boonville. But, *pshaw!* could women have prevented me from going to Oregon, I would never have left Greensburg. This is decidedly the prettiest place I have seen on the road. It is built on a high bank, consequently it cannot be seen from the river, but in walking up from the wharf it presents a fine appearance, with a beautiful country around it, the buildings look new and neat, and the place has a business appearance. One circumstance rather detracted from its business-like appearance. We brought 100,

ooo feet of lumber from Madison to this place. And another boat just below us unloaded a great quantity of furniture. One of the curiosities here was an Indian chief, who had been to Washington City dressed in the costume of his tribe, and decked with their ornaments. The boys gave him thirty-five cents to come aboard and he shook hands all around, which pleased him very much; but they have since ceased to be a curiosity. I neglected to mention, that at St. Louis, most of the company bought their groceries at wholesale prices and had them shipped up afterwards. And at Boonville, bought their flour, bacon & dried peaches. This proved to be a bad speculation; as the charges for freight, wharfage, drayage, commission, etc., made the cost of the articles greater than they would have been in St. Jo. besides the trouble and vexation, and one or two never got paid for money advanced. Groceries were as cheap at St. Jo as anywhere below, and it is more convenient to buy there as we can get them when wanted without any extra trouble, besides some articles were not such as were needed.

Tuesday, March 23.—We came across the “Alton” lying on a sand bar, high and dry, the water having fallen after she stuck. We took a number of her passengers aboard, which made our cabin very crowded and uncomfortable. Also a number of Indians who occupied the hurricane deck. Our cabin was so full that the passengers filled the table three times; one table entirely filled with ladies. Very much trouble with shallow water, sounding frequently.

Thursday, March 25.—Ran aground on a sand bar, when the “Limour” coming up, towed us off, hav-

ing been aground twelve hours.

Friday, March 26.—This morning during a high wind, we ran against the bank and into a tree top, tearing off a part of the guard and making a hole in the ladies' cabin, disturbing the slum'ers of the chamber maid. In the evening we passed the mouth of the Kansas, and caught the first glimpse of the Indian Territory, and are now running on the borders of civilization. In our voyage up the river we have passed numerous flocks of wild ducks, which has given employment for most of the "canal weapons" on board, though I believe with not much effect. After dark we stopped at Weston an hour or two, and though I spent most of the time in roaming through it, yet I could not see much; it appears to be a flourishing town by candle light.

Saturday March 27.—Three o'clock this evening we arrived at St. Jo. The first thing to do was to find a place to lodge ourselves; a house with two rooms was found at four dollars a month, which we concluded to take. Githens and Lewis and ourselves, ten persons in family, forming a miniature association on the "Fourier" system. Lewis and Donnell were appointed to the commissary department, while the others superintended the removal of our deposits. It was nearly dark when this labor was completed, and the commissaries had only time to lay in Sunday supplies. As we were right down hungry, we patched up a supper instantaneously that was very nice, considering the means we could employ. The commissaries had obtained bread, molasses and wood and a few other articles. Mr. Lewis had brought a ham of bacon, Mr. Githens, two or three tin plates, a brass kettle, tea pot, sugar bowl,

three or four knives and two or three tin cups. We cooked our meat in primitive style, cutting it into thin slices, running a splinter through it and holding it into the fire. Our boxes made a very good table, surmounted with a clean white table cloth. Our trunks served us for chairs, and we had sufficient tableware that two could use the same knife and fork, plate and cup, making a supper, which, I assure you, we did justice to. You need not laugh, we saw stranger sights than this before we saw Portland.

Monday morning made an improvement in our culinary apparatus, in a compliment of plates, cups, knives, forks, stove and other cooking utensils. We made a table out of an old door, and lived almost like other folks, still we had to bunk on the floor, which we soon became accustomed to. The rest of the company procured houses in various parts of the town, and we spent the time pleasantly—the evenings visiting, singing and conversation. Mr. Worth preached every Sabbath. Our residence was just west of the lower bridge across “Blacksnake.” Just north of us a high ridge ran down between the upper part of town and the river, which commanded an excellent view of the river and Indian country, opposite. This was a favorite promenade of mine. I usually visited it every day; made it the scene of my evening walks. St. Joseph is situated on a rich bottom, though the river is continually washing away the banks and encroaching on the bottom. During the time we were there, the water was high, when the ice was running the upper landing was washed off and a large brick ware-house was undermined and about twelve feet of the end fell in. It is a fine fresh looking place. Nothing seedy or dilap-

idated. As it was a new country, I thought there would be some game, so one morning I shouldered my gun and trudged over the hills and through the woods, but saw nothing but a few little birds, which I would not disturb. I never was keen to try it again. Once I broke over, and McCoy and I took our guns and fishing tackle, walked down to a lake six miles south of St. Jo. to shoot ducks and catch fish, as it was a favorite resort for them. Securing the services of a waterman, we got into a skiff, and went to an island. As this was not the place where ducks do most congregate, we left our skiff and walked across, took a dug-out and went over to the fisherman's house. Here he took a supply of the "oh-be-joy-ful" and was soon about "three sheets in the wind." Passing to another island, we spent two or three hours, in a vain attempt to entice the finny tribe from their watery home. We started home with a duck and a musk rat, which the waterman said was fine eating, accordingly we let him have it. On the way home some ducks were seen floating on the water, and the fisherman shot a heavy fowling piece broad-side at them, which very near upset our little craft. We got home in the evening, tired and hungry, completely cured of any propensity for hunting or fishing in those waters.

Our stay at St. Jo. was just one month; during that time I went out into the country several times. I particularly noticed the shabby appearance of the farm houses. Farms that seem to produce well, large fields under cultivation, were decked with unsightly cabins without any convenience around. One in particular where we got two yoke of cattle. He lived in a little eight by ten log cabin, with a loose puncheon floor,

without windows, a mud chimney, dark and cold and gloomy. He lived with his negroes, in the same room. His wife was dead, and he had a dirty, sickly negro man who was not able to work on the farm; good cattle, several negroes, and within four miles of St. Jo. This, I hope is an unusual case, but I saw many others that had the same outward appearance, though they may not have had the same internal arrangement.

—Here follows a list of the various supplies laid in, and the prices paid, a few of which are of some interest as compared with those of the present day:

6 yoke oxen—2 for.....	\$115 60	1 peck beans	\$ 90
2 for.....	120 00	15 yds muslin, 17c.....	2 25
1 for.....	65 00	126 lb sugar, 15 coffee..	15 85
1 for	55 00	300 lbs. flour	7 50
4 ox yokes.....	6 10	4 l s. tea.....	3 50
150 lbs. hard bread, and		½ bu. salt.....	40
50 lbs. crackers.....	16 50	1 pint French brandy .	50
		Bottle.....	25

It was agreed at one meeting of the company to to travel in connection with Mr. Hanna, but at a subsequent meeting it was determined to go by way of old Fort Kearny, and to start on the 28th day of April. Mr. Hanna afterwards determined to cross twelve miles above St. Jo. Most of the company started at that time, some the day before and some the day after. About the middle of April we received four letters from home; and two the week before we started. Garrison and Merridith (from Iowa) came in by land a few weeks before we started, and Hanway the week before and Mitchell Roszel, the Sunday before, and Mr. Hewitt, who was going with Craig—all on their way to California. The day before leaving, we brought in our oxen from the country, as part of them had been kept where they were bought. We loaded up partly. McCoy and I slept in the wagon as a sort of initiation.

Wednesday, April 28.—This morning we completed our purchases, fitted the yokes, finished loading; hitched in about twelve o'clock and drove about ten miles and camped in a beautiful grove. Here was tolerable grass, though we had to buy grain in part for our cattle. A little stream running just below, furnished us a supply of water. Tied up all the oxen to trees except one gentle yoke which we left loose to pick around with the yoke on.

Thursday, April 29.—Getting up this morning, we discovered that our loose yoke were missing, no one knew where. We had heard their yoke rattling in the night, but did not think of them straying. We hunted through the woods in the neighborhood and not finding them, we concluded after breakfast for Zelic to go ahead to Savannah and hunt around in the neighborhood and meet us there. We accordingly hitched up and drove three miles to Savannah. On the way, I was hunting out in the woods beside the road, as a man said he saw a yoke very much like them at the side of the road, but my search was fruitless, though I went as far as two miles from the road.

Savannah is quite a small place, three miles from the Missouri, and is a county seat. Zelic did not meet us here as expected, but overtook us two and one-half miles beyond, but without the cattle. We then stopped and took dinner and bought some corn. McCoy and Donnell then started over to where the cattle were raised, about ten miles east of Savannah, while I would drive on till I could find a good camp, and then wait for them to come up. As I had never driven a hundred yards in my life (i.e. and ox team) I felt the responsibility quite heavily, especially as most of the

cattle were "some" and the strays were our leaders. However, old "Bob Tait" sympathized with his new master and did not get as stubborn as he was wont to do. In half a mile we came to a regular Missouri mud-hole, (Missouri has some very fine specimens) filled with rails and brush. As I expected, I stalled here, and had to double teams in order to get out, not unusual afterwards. Here the road forks and Lewis and Zelik intended we should take the right, but not knowing this we took the left. We drove seven miles before we found a place where we could stop, without any further mistake than running against a tree, (I have seen better drivers do that often since) which did no injury, however. At a little branch, friend Layson and I stopped, the others drove on about a mile to get corn. I unyoked the cattle, tied them and fed them, afterwhich, I was in a very good condition to do justice to the substantials of life, for I was very hungry.

After supper I walked back to the forks of the road to meet the boys and tell them where the wagon was. I got there about dark, and, not finding them, I went back where I had left them and inquired at the house there, but they had not seen them since; then I came back and took the right hand road, and after walking two miles I found Crawford, Donnell and Forsyth, Henry was about a mile ahead. At the first camp I had found the boys. They had been to McBryant's and had not found the cattle. I slept that night in Forsyth's tent, and was tired enough to go asleep very soon, as I had walked ten miles since supper.

Friday, April 30.—13.—Up by daylight this morning, feeling a little sore, especially in my feet, as I had worn a pair of thin boots. We concluded then that

Donnell should get Dr. Crawford's mare and stay and make a more extensive search for the lost cattle, and overtake us before we crossed the Missouri River. McCoy and I then started through the woods for our camp, where we arrived by breakfast time, as it was about five miles. Before leaving the other camp, I had promised to meet them at Newark, and they would wait for each other, as I understood the roads came together there. Finding this was not the case, as soon as we overtook Githens and Craig I got Githens' mare and rode over to Newark, that they might not wait there for our teams. McCoy was left with the team, and during the day crossed the "Notaway" in a ferry boat, toll fifty cents. In driving into the ferry boat, the demijohn of vinegar was upset—the cork knocked out and part spilt. I passed some very neat farms on the way to Newark, well timbered. It rained on the way, quite a heavy shower. I took shelter in a house that was building and escaped getting wet. After leaving Newark, I crossed the Notaway, twenty-five cents for myself and horse, and took the left hand road. Before I had rode two miles, I discovered I was on the wrong road. Coming back, I met an astronomical lecturer, was bound for Oregon town, too. He carried his apparatus on a pack horse, which he led, and another horse followed. The road from N. to Oregon is over a fine rolling prairie. Going over the twelve-mile prairie, the lecturer's horse became quite frolicsome and made the pack horse break loose and gallop away, kicking his bundles off at every jump. The lecturer gathered together his scattered pack and then gave chase, and the last I saw of them, he was chasing his horses back and forth over the prairie. At Oregon I overtook our team again. It is situated five

miles from the river, is the county seat of Holt county, and is quite a small place, as is Newark. We camped in sight of town.

Saturday, May 1.—15.—The road to-day was alternately through prairies and groves of beautiful timber for about eight miles, when we came to the river bottom. The bottom is very wide and covered with rich grass. The hills assume a very curious mound-like appearance, and are about 200 feet high. Hewitt and I climbed up one and were rewarded by a very fine view of the river bottom ; the river itself, ten or twelve miles distant, and the Indian country beyond these hills are intersected by Indian paths beat through them. During the evening we stopped awhile to allow our cattle to graze. About four o'clock we came to the junction of the roads, and thought of waiting there over Sunday for the other company to come up, but there was no grass there and corn was high, so we drove on five miles to Squaw Run, a deep little stream with steep banks. We put our cattle in a lot and gave them a little fodder and corn. During the night it rained very hard, with thunder and lightning.

Sunday, May 2.—5.—As we had poor accommodations here we drove on five miles and found very good grass, after crossing the Tarkeo at the left of the road. Notwithstanding the rains last night, it was quite hot and dusty to-day. After dinner, Donnell came up, but without the cattle, not being able to hear anything of them, he had come to the conclusion that they had been stolen, as a great many cattle had been stolen there this spring. However, he offered McBryant twenty-five dollars if he would find and bring them to him at Ft. Kearney. Had a very hard storm during

the night, which upset our tent, which would not have occurred had everything been secured rightly. The tent had no strings to fasten them and were only pinned. We were awakened in the night by the door bursting open and the rain blowing in on us. We both jumped up and tried to hold it up, but the wind was blowing a regular gale and all we could do was fruitless. So each held it till the other put on his clothes and then let it fall and sought shelter elsewhere—I to the wagon and McCoy to Hewitt's tent.

Monday, May 3.—2.—Lay by all morning in order to finish our tent and wagon sheet and also graze the cattle. About 3 o'clock the other teams rolled up; they had camped on the banks of a little stream one mile from the junction, and during Saturday night the stream raised and ran through their tents, washing off their yokes and other articles, most of which they found in a little lake below. We drove two miles and camped by a little branch in the woods. Very little grass—fed corn. It rained a little during the night.

Tuesday, May 4.—12.—Went out hunting in the morning early, and got lost, and, like all lost persons, took the wrong road. I went a mile or two and being convinced I was wrong took the back track and got to camp before breakfast. Where we laid in our supply of corn. In the afternoon Donnell saw a yoke of cattle that he fancied very much, and he and I stayed behind and made a purchase of them. They were as fat as pigs and as wild as deers, and we could hardly come within twenty feet of them. We succeeded in driving them to camp and chained them to a tree, to wake up in the morning and find them loose, but they were clever steers and did not run off. Our encampment

this evening was in the woods where there was plenty of wood but no grass. It rained a little during the night.

Wednesday, May 5.—12.—Started at 7:30 o'clock, stopped an hour at noon to graze. About the middle of the afternoon we passed through the last town we were to see this side of the Rocky Mountains,—a little place called Linden.

Here we bought some vinegar and halter rope for our new cattle. About a mile this side we passed quite a large stream. Here McBryant overtook us with Marsh and Duke. Their recapture cost us thirty dollars, expenses, etc. They looked quite gaunt, having been driven sixty miles in two days. In about a mile and a half we crossed a slough and camped. Here was a little grass, after grazing we staked them up and fed them corn which we had to carry about two miles.

Thursday, May 6.—6.—Had a very hard storm last night, and many of the cattle broke loose and this morning old Duke was minus. The rest of the company moved off and we stayed to hunt our lost ox. It rained all morning and I got quite wet. At noon a traveler passed and told us he saw such an ox tied up to a tree beyond Linden. Donnell put out and found him there. An emigrant having found him in the morning on the back track and tied him up. We started about three o'clock, drove six miles, crossing the Nishnebotua on a bridge and camped on its banks. Pretty good grass.

Friday, May 7.—9.—Drove half a mile and stopped at a store and fed. While here, Worth and Bell, the Ohio boys, came up. In about two miles we crossed a slough on a ferry, toll forty cents, and about noon

overtook the rest of the company, who were laying by having sent to the ferry to engage crossing, and found that Mr. Brown had done so last Wednesday. There were only fifty wagons ahead of us. Stayed here the day sunning our goods, etc., a very good day for this as it was very hot. Killed a good many rattle snakes in the evening. Went fishing after night with no success.

Saturday, May 8.—9.—Started at 8:30 o'clock and were detained some time at a very bad slough, where several of the wagons stalled. After crossing, we grazed about an hour. We camped about a mile from the ferry on the edge of the prairie. Grass poor. Here was hunt and Watkin's teams. We dug a well in a wet spot in order to get water.

Sunday, May 9.—2½.—Word came about eight o'clock that our turn would come in a short time, and if we were not there we would have to wait till it would come again. So we hitched up in a hurry, raced down to the river and just saved our turn. Our wagon got across at twelve o'clock, and drove out about a mile and a half where there was good grass and water, and camped on the bank of a little creek. I stayed and helped ferry over a few goods and then followed the wagon. The charge for ferrying is \$1.25 for wagons, twenty-five cents a yoke for cattle; \$12.50 for our team. Here Lewallyn, of Missonri, Messrs Bach, Brown and Grubbs joined us, making twenty-seven wagons in all. In the evening I visited the old fort. It is built in block house style, two stories high, and the upper story so arranged that the sides are over the corners of the lower story. It is supplied with port holes. The building, I believe, is not occupied.

There are corrals built for stock. The ferryman lives in the house adjoining. We guarded our stock for the first time to-night.

Monday, May 10.—Rained a little, early in the morning. The day was spent in washing, etc. By noon all the company had crossed, and in the evening an organization was attempted. Mr. Worth was elected President of the company; Crawford was elected leader or captain. A committee was appointed to report a plan of organization to-morrow evening, and another to report a plan for dividing the company. There was some murmuring because a certain gentleman had said he would not stand guard, that he had brought his grandson along to wait on him and stand guard for him.

Tuesday, May 11.—19.—Had our cattle out grazing this morning by daylight, and was ready to start by eight. In three miles after starting we came into a high rolling prairie, and traveled on it all day. At noon we grazed about an hour at a slough, and at night camped on the banks of another. Pretty good grass, but water not of the best. An organization was attempted at night, and as they thought a secretary was needed, I was appointed to the post, but no business could be transacted, everything was confusion. Persons were trying to drive in their cattle, and many half frightened out of their wits about the Indians, etc. So a guard of eighteen men was ordered out, in two watches of nine each to guard the cattle in the corral. The corral was made by driving the wagons into a circle, so that the tongue of one shall touch the wheel of the forward one, and then chaining between so as to make a pen. I came on the second watch. This was

hardly arranged when we heard a loud hallooing around the camp: of course the Indians were going to attack the camp. A couple of men went out to make observations and soon returned, bringing in the Indians, a couple of boys who had went out in the evening and got lost and could not see the camp light behind the hills.

Wednesday, May 12—17.—All the cattle found safe this morning, and so we got started by seven. We grazed an hour at noon and camped again at three in the midst of a large plain, not a bush or shrub to break the view; not even a variation of surface. There was another meeting of the company. They determined not to divid. An organization was effected with much trouble. Hunt and Mahan were appointed sergeants-of-the-guard, which was reduced to six men. We past a party of Omaha Indians in the morning. They were seated on the ground around a blanket with some bread and corn piled on it. I suppose they were begging, as they would not or could not speak English. A great many of these Indians can talk well enough but will not. In the evening we passed a party laying by. They were hunting their cattle, the Indians having run them off.

Thursday, May 13.—15.—We have passed the first graves to-day that we saw on the road, numbered six. At noon we came to Salt Creek, forty-five miles from Old Fort. This water has a very slight saline taste and was drunk very eagerly by the cattle. Here by accident, while we were bathing, I let my watch get wet, consequently it rusted and was of no further service. Taking wood from here we drove five miles and camped near some little pools of water, which

seemed to have an underground communication, as they seem to run in the direction of a creek. This evening some of the boys found a quantity of salt about three miles from camp, and brought in some specimens; this excited our curiosity and we determined to visit it, but dark came on before we could accomplish our object. They represented it as being very plentiful, lying in large lumps on the grass, like it had been a wagon load. Many were the opinions and conjectures in camp. Some supposed it was a natural production there, others thought that some wagoner had been enticed there by the Indians and murdered, and his load of salt thrown out. I will not venture any opinion but leave it for the curious to speculate upon. There is no doubt of the fact or its being there.

Friday, May 14.—20.—We drove twenty miles and encamped in the prairie without wood or water, only what we hauled. We made a point to take in wood and water when we had an opportunity in the evening and stop where night overtakes us, as we have no guide for this part of the road until we reach Fort Kearney.

Sunday, May 16.—10.—It turned cold in the night and awhile before day commenced sleeting; the cattle being chilled broke out of the corral and took down in the hollow, the camp being on the high plain. The guard raised the camp, and they were found quietly feeding in a hollow about a mile from camp. It was very cold, and being without wood, we determined to hitch up and leave. Taking a cold breakfast in the wagon, as our tents had again been prostrated by the wind, about ten o'clock we moved off, and at three o'clock we struck the Platte bottom. This bottom is

about two miles wide on this side of the river and covered with good grass. We hear a report to-day of a white man having been killed by the Indians while hunting, and also of several other difficulties with the copper-skins. About a mile from camp we found a young Indian in the bushes with his brains shot out, looked as if he had been carried here about a day or two ago. This caused no little uneasiness in camp, as many expected an attack at night, certain. Had wood and water plenty. The road has heretofore followed the dividing ridge between the waters of the Platte and the other tributaries of the Missouri emptying in lower down. For miles the trail moves along on a narrow ridge and again comes in a high plain, that the eye cannot see beyond. It is a fine country, good soil and grazing, but the scarcity of wood and water will prevent its being settled. That part bordering on the Missouri river is No. 1 and will command a high price when it is brought into the markets. But it has the disadvantage of the Missouri climate. But it will have one advantage that Missouri has not, and that is freedom from slavery, which acts as an incumbrance upon that State.

Monday, May 17.—18.—In the morning we were visited by the Indians, and the fears of the camp were excited, as they would doubtless have discovered their dead comrade and the odium of his death fall upon us. However, they were only begging, and rode off without making any discovery. If he had been shot while attempting to steal, they would never avenge his death as it is a disgrace with them to be caught stealing. Passed in the evening the Clear Slough, a creek of very good water, said to be 120 miles from the Mis-

souri river. The bottom is covered with a profusion of flowers of every hue and tint, and our young ladies are exercising their ingenuity in forming garlands, and more than half of the teamsters' hats are crowned with their floral offerings. Camped on Platte.

Tuesday, May 18.—20.—Camped on the bank. Just below our camp is, we supposed, the grave of an Indian chief; it is surrounded by thirty-two horse skulls forming a circle of about twelve feet in diameter. Above us are the ruins of an Indian village of considerable size, which furnished us with cedar wood to burn. Some of their lodges are entire yet, made of cedar poles interlaced and held to place by withes, and covered with dirt. They are about twelve feet high and have a hole in the center for the escape of smoke. There is a cavity underneath them, with a similar one on the outside with a communication, I suppose, between them, for what purpose I can not conjecture, whether as a depository for provisions, or a retreat in case of surprise. They are all similar, about eighteen feet in diameter.

Wednesday, May 19.—8.—Passed in the morning the ruins of another village. Their wigwams had all rotted down, and nothing remains but the circle they dug out to make them, and the excavations they had made. We layed by in the evening to wash and graze. Some of our young Nimrods waded the river to an island to hunt. McCoy killed a deer and Rader a few ducks. As this was the first deer that had been brought in, it caused no little excitement, McCoy was the lion of the day. The deer was divided out among the camp. We were visited by some Indians in the evening, who stayed till dark, and then only left when

they were ordered off. I understood that they had threatened a small camp above us quite seriously afterwards.

Thursday, May 20—25.—Just before starting this morning, a party of between three and four hundred Indians passed our camp. They had a great number of horses loaded with packs, going to St. Jo. Many of the Indians were carrying heavy burdens. We started early, the road being near the bank of the river. Several bad sloughs to cross. Anxious to emulate the hero of yesterday I took my gun and walked all morning over the bluffs, but nothing was discovered but a few little birds. Coming back to the road we met a band of about sixty soldiers with a six pounder on their way to punish the Indians that had passed us this morning, for some outrage they had committed on the emigrants. No wood and very little grass at our camp to-night.

Friday, May 21.—12.—Rained all day. We started early and traveled half the day, when we found very good grass; we concluded to stop the rest of the day. We passed a company lying by, having lost two men. They had gone out hunting two days before and not yet returned. They were in their shirt sleeves and it had rained considerable, and the company were apprehensive of foul play. They came back during the afternoon, having been lost.

Saturday, May 22.—16.—Rained in the morning. Mr. Findlayson's child died in the morning and was buried at noon by the wayside. This was the first death in our company since leaving St.^d Jo. The disease was whooping cough. Bad camp, little water, poor grass, no wood. We came in sight of the St. Jo.

road. Could see three trains passing, and their camp fires at night. It cleared off in the evening and the sun came out warm. The night was beautiful. I was out with the cattle on the second watch. I thought of the time when the shepherds were watching their flocks by night, and the visions of angels appeared proclaiming glad tidings of great joy to all mankind. I thought of Jacob, a wanderer, like myself, from home, spending the clear nights of a eastern sky in counting the stars, or watching the course of the planets, or in imagination, recurring to the home he had left under such strange circumstances. I could but express the wish that Jacob's God would also bless me to return as he did.

Sunday, May 23 —This was one of our unhappy days. Early in the morning the question of traveling to a better location was mooted, and supposing a majority to be in favor of going, the Captain gave such orders. But before the cattle were brought in, there being some objections, a meeting was called and a vote taken, which decided in favor of staying. Part of the minority taking offense at some of the proceedings, withdrew. Hunt and Watkins, Craig and Stroup, six wagons, withdrew. They lingered awhile, trying to coax others away, and about noon rolled off. An attempt was made to induce McCoy to leave us, but he would not consent. Githens wished to go, but Lewis would not consent and they could not agree in a division, so he gave it up. A calm ensued the storm and I spent one of the most pleasant Sabbaths on the trip. There were some of the seceders which required an effort to part with, but after they were gone I felt relieved. Mr. Worth preached after they left.

Monday, May 24.—21.—We have been traveling all day in sight of the road from St. Jo. : they gradually converge and unite at the fort, twenty miles from last night's camp. We arrived there at five o'clock in the evening. Wood being scarce on the road, some persons seeing plenty of it lying about here, and thinking that as it belonged to Uncle Sam, of course, any person might use it, began to help themselves and stow away enough to last a few days; perceiving which the quartermaster ordered them to bring it all back under the penalty of the guard house, and as their appearance trotting it back can easily be imagined, I shall not attempt to describe it. This fort has been erected within a few years. It is without fortifications, the barracks are low, squatty buildings built of adobes, and looking very much like a mud house. There are two large two story frame buildings, which I suppose are the officers' quarters. There is besides, a stone blacksmith shop and post office here. There are but few soldiers stationed here, about a hundred, I believe. We are now 294 miles from St. Joseph direct, 320 by way of old Fort Kearney, and 220 from the latter place. We passed the fort about a mile and encamped.

Tuesday, May 25.—20.—In fourteen miles we came to the first crossing of the Platte, late discovered, just crossed a few days before. The river is about two miles wide here, about axeltree deep, requires ten yoke to one team, and they must not be allowed to stop as they will instantly mire down in the quick sand. Our seceders crossed here a short time before we came up. We encamped on the banks of the Platte. Grass rather poor.

Wednesday, May 26.—20.—Yesterday and to-day we came by Walker's guide, thirty-two miles, and by Platte and Slater forty miles, the latter I think correct and adopt it. The country looks poor, grass is not good. We obtain wood by wading to the islands. This is the case most of the way along main Platte and South Fork. Two of the boys mounted their ponies to-day and went hunting, returning after dark. They brought such a glowing account of a buffalo chase as to induce several to try their hand on the morrow.

Thursday, May 27.—18.—To-day I drove one of Mr. Downey's teams as Rader had taken the buffalo fever and wished to participate with the others. In the evening three buffaloes appeared in the bottom, the boys gave chase, but without success. The hunters returned at night, tired, worn down and hungry, but without any buffalo. We camped on the endless Platte bottom. The sun sank in the west, behind the green curtain of grass, as I have often imagined it to do at sea.

Friday, May 28.—8.—Traveled but half the day. Swain, one of the young men that engaged in the buffalo chase yesterday evening, was taken violently sick to-day with diarrhea, and by three o'clock was a corpse. It appears that, while very warm and exhausted from thirst and fatigue, he came to one of these noisome wells and drank very copiously. The water is at best very unwholesome, and the other circumstances united made it speedily fatal. This was the second and last death in the company during our connection with it. We buried him about dark by the roadside, as he had a brother behind in Perry's train, who we wished would see it.

Saturday, May 29.—10—. We passed Ash creek, a small, dry creek eighty-five miles from the Fort, about the middle of the afternoon. There was a spring of water here on the right; passed two or three other dry creeks a few miles back, and camped on the bank of the river in a grove.

*Sunday, May 30.—*Worth was too unwell to preach to-day. In the morning I took a short walk of five miles, to a hill from which there was a fine view of the valley. Returning, I spent the morning in reading the book of Ecclesiastes. The cattle had been crossed over to an island, and on looking them up after dinner, fifteen or sixteen were missing, so we had a fine Sunday ramble, hunting them through the sloughs, marshes and thickets of the island. It was about three hours before they were found. They came to light about three miles down the river, having crossed and run with some other cattle. Several quarrels originated to-day in herding the cattle, as the Captain's term had expired, and some officious persons denied his authority. A trifling incident occurred to-night which caused considerable amusement for some time. A young man going to sleep on guard had his hat stolen, which, according to rule was to be sold at auction.

*Monday, May 31.—21.—*Quite hot. Finding very good grass at noon we grazed some time and had another meeting of the company. Crawford was re-elected captain. The guard was changed a little; before it was required of each squad to furnish one person as soon as the cattle were turned out, and guard them until the guard were ordered out after supper; and again to them out in the morning till starting time. It was now resolved to require a guard of four persons.

to turn out as soon as the cattle were unyoked and guard them till midnight; then the second watch guard till they were driven in. Camped about two miles below the crossing of Platte, Good grass but no wood, used buffalo chips. There were six trains in sight, two above and four below.

Tuesday, Jan. 1.—17.—The road to the upper landing was along the bluffs, but the trail to the lower crossing turns sharp to the right and crosses a little stream; there is a spring to the right of the track. The distance to the upper crossing is fifteen miles. By crossing here we have a better road—save twenty miles travel and the descent of a very steep hill to the ferry. We made an early start and arrived at the ford before the other trains. The river was very shallow, not more than fifteen inches in any place, and very good bottom, though it is always best to send a horseman in to examine the ford as the bottom is liable to change from floating sand. The river here is about a half mile wide. We crossed safely without being detained any. While crossing some of "we boys" commenced splashing each other and finally to ducking, by which we got a wet skin. An antelope paid us a visit at no great distance from the train, but galloped away safely despite the efforts of our hunters. We relieved the monotony of our trip by having a singing on our way. Mrs. Lewis rode in our wagon and we "woke the echoes from their native haunts" by such harmonies as are not often heard in these wilds. From the ford the trail strikes across the ridge, and in five miles strikes the North fork. The confluence of the two rivers is eight or nine miles below. The North Fork is a larger stream than the South; though

not so wide, yet it is deeper and swifter. We passed through a large dog town though we were not favored with a sight of the inhabitants. We traveled nine miles on the North fork and camped. Poor grass. No wood, used chips.

Wednesday, June 2.—23.—In three miles we came to a fine spring. In five more the road leaves the shore for fourteen miles. Here we stopped and grazed although it was only ten o'clock. One of our company to-day found a very beautiful vegetable of the cactus family. It is about two inches in diameter, cone shaped, and covered with large prickles; on the top is a beautiful pale red flower. It would make a nice ornament for a mantel. They have since become very plentiful. At noon we rose the bluffs: the road runs over a high rolling prairie. It was night before we struck the river again. The last three miles was through a deep sand, and the wind blowing hard raised such a cloud of sand that one couldn't see where to drive. It rained after we were camped. No grass. A company encamped about four miles back, and drove their cattle down the bluffs directly into the river bottoms; said they had the best of grass.

Thursday, June 3.—17.—Quite cool in the morning. The road to-day is in the vicinity of the river. In fourteen miles after descending a steep sand hill, there is a large creek, dry, which we crossed. Some cedar stumps; and the guide says there is a spring here but we failed to find it. We drove two miles farther and camped under the edge of the bluffs, where several springs put out. Pretty good grass. Cedar on the bluffs as far as Ash Hollow. Met the Laramie mail to-day.

Friday, June 4.—14.—One mile we ascended the bluff, and in two more we descended into Ash Hollow. The country here is covered with a profusion of flowers. The rugged ravines of the road side are filled with cedars and flowers. My duty to-day was to drive a lame steer, Old Duke; but being excited by the wild rugged scenery, the noble forests which we had not enjoyed for some time, and the profusion of wild flowers, I forgot my charge, and on stopping at noon discovered he was nowhere to be found; so I walked back four miles and found him with another drove of cattle, at the mouth of the Hollow. A small stream runs through and several springs rise out of the bank near the mouth. It is a mile through the Hollow by way of the road. Here the road from the upper crossing comes in. Here we saw a company which gave us a different account of the crossing from the guide. They said the hill was not bad, and it is not much farther, as they had crossed the lower crossing the same day we did. Drove six miles after dinner and encamped on the river; grass quite good. McCoy and I were guilty of drowning a gopher in the river this evening.

Saturday, June 5.—11.—There were three deaths last night in our neighborhood of diarrhea. Road quite sandy to-day. Timber can be seen away to the left about ten miles from the road. Almost all along the river bottom we have seen wild pears in bloom, prickly pear, etc. The latter often grows in mats or beds several feet wide.

Sunday, June 6.—Rainy and cooler in the morning; cleared off by noon and was quite pleasant. Part of Mr. Hanna's company passed to-day, they having split on the Sabbath traveling question. He is

about a half day's drive behind. It may be necessary to say that Mr. Hanna's company was not the proposed colony, as Mr. Hanna informed me that not more than half a dozen of those whose names were enrolled ever joined him at St. Jo.

Monday, June 7.—10.—Rainy and cool again in the morning. After traveling eight miles, we came to Spring Creek, 2 miles farther to Spring Hollow, from the number of springs in it. Half a mile further we stopped for noon. Here there are two or three springs running out under the bluffs and a cool, clear pond below in the bottom. Thomas Crawford was taken quite sick last night, and now being worse we did not move from this point. Carried drift wood from the river about two miles. Grass pretty good.

Tuesday, June 8.—Still in camp as Thomas is no better. Several others taken sick in the evening. Mr. Hanna passed in the morning. McLellan wounded a wolf near camp, and we gave chase; however he got away from us, but in lieu of the wolf we got a fine view of Court House rock: most of the camp washed to-day.

Wednesday, June 9.—18.—The sick folks being better we made an early start. In eight miles we came to Court House Creek. Court House Rock is 7 miles from here, and several miles from the road now. Several persons visited it; I did not. It is said to be a hundred feet high above the level of the river; and reminds me more of the old pictures of Noah's Ark than anything else. We drove ten miles further and camped. Good grass. Carried water from the river, a half mile distant. Chimney Rock is in fair view, about seven miles.

Thursday, June 10.—21.—Walked to Chimney

Rock this morning. It is about four miles from the road at the nearest point. On approaching it, it has the appearance of a circus pavillion. It is of a material similar to Court House Rock, being a cement of sand and clay and cuts easily. The base is quite large, covering, I suppose, ten or fifteen acres. The Chimney runs up very tall, like a church spire. It can be ascended a good distance by winding around; the ascent as far as the Chimney is quite easy, afterwards it is rather dangerous. I inscribed my name on the Chimney about twenty feet high. Another person cut his name on a buffalo head, and then climbed as high as he could and stuck the head in a hole he cut for it. Overtook the trains again at noon, after a walk of fourteen or fifteen miles. A very hard storm came up in the evening. We stopped about three at a trading post; just before the road rose the bluffs. The storm lasted but a few minutes, though it rained quite hard during the evening. Poor grass.

Friday, June 11.—21.—The road after leaving the bottom strikes for Scot's bluff in about ten miles: it runs along side of a range of hills about two miles distant. Three miles farther it crosses a deep ravine where are some cedars; a little lower down is good water. In two miles we came to the summit. At the right is a large rock, from which, on a clear day, can be seen Laramie's Peak, the highest point of the Black Hills, 130 miles distant. On the east side the ascent is very difficult, almost impossible. I did succeed, but only after great exertion, and being barefooted so that I could gain a foothold, though the hot sand was very annoying to my feet. But one is well paid for the exertion by the prospect there before him. From the op-

posite the ascent is gradual and easy. In three miles the road crosses a ravine with steep banks; there is a good spring up the ravine about thirty yards, on the left bank, near where the rushes grow very thick, so says the guide. The tradition connected with these hills is: A trader named Scott, while returning to the States, was robbed and stripped by the Indians, he crawled to these bluffs and there famished. His bones were afterward found and buried. We drove on two miles and encamped on the river. No wood; good grass. We passed a grave to-day very neatly sodded with prickly pear. We passed a patch of prickly pear and prickly sage about a half mile wide and a half mile long.

Saturday, June 12.—22.—Six miles gently descending to Horse creek, a small stream. Five miles good level road to a range of sand butes, over this sandy heavy road for a mile and a half into the bottom, in another mile and a half the road crosses a range of sand butes for two miles, when it comes to the bottom, and in six miles the river runs very near the hills. They are called the gravel hills. Here we camped and drove our cattle back a little on the bottom; good grass. Rained at night.

Sunday, June 13.—There was some murmuring about staying in camp to-day, and some talked of leaving and going ahead, but some packers from Oregon told them that twenty wagons were as few as should travel together and they gave it up. Mr. Worth preached in the evening. Spent most of the day in writing home.

Monday, June 14.—24.—In twenty-one miles we

came to Laramie's fork of the Platte; the road being most of the way in the vicinity of the river. This is a rapid stream crossed by a bridge. Toll two dollars a wagon with four yoke and twenty-five cents each additional yoke. Some of the company attempted to swim their loose cattle, and getting them in could get them no farther; they gave an Indian a dollar to drive them over. There are two roads from here. One to the left through the Black Hills, rather a rough hilly road, but better for grass. The right keeps up the river, we followed this. One mile from the crossing to the fort We drove two miles and camped; poor grass, rainy most of the day. Cleared off in the evening, and I went back to the fort. The mail had not yet come, expect it to-night. The fort is much like Kearney in its building and arrangements. There is a well supplied store here, where they sell articles at very fair rates, considering. Coming back I fell in with a couple of soldiers going out with their dogs to have a chase. They are well satisfied with their officer, duty, rations, etc., and are well treated.

Tuesday, June 15.—17.—I went back to the fort in the morning, expecting to receive something, as I had left word at St. Jo. to have my letters forwarded to this point; the mail had come in during the night, but had brought nothing for any of us. I got back to camp by breakfast. From the fort the road is near the river for four and a half miles; turning to the left and crossing some sand hills, for two miles it descends a very steep hill into the bottom, again continuing in the bottom for five miles, it rises the bluffs and over a portion of broken country for four miles and descends a long hill where there is an old lime kiln, a little farther to

the right of the trail; under the bluffs we got some good water. The trail then passes over a high rolling country for five miles and descends a long hill to a dry stream, which appears to be quite large in wet weather. On this rolling country we camped; some wood, but poor grass. Our camp is among the most picturesque scenery that we have yet traveled over, lying on the southwestern side of a vast amphitheatre of hills, a vast concave ten or fifteen miles in diameter, through which, at intervals, can be seen a dark line, formed by the river where it forced its way through the hills, while away to the north the river appears in full view in which place only is the amphitheater broken. A person would be well paid to leave the trail after passing the spring, turning off to the right and following the river, as he could again strike the trail in fifteen miles. He would see canons, precipices, falls, etc., in fact, Nature in all her grandeur is displayed here in the passage of the Platte through the Black Hills. After supper a few of us concluded we would visit some of the canons, a distance of about four or five miles, passing east from the camp we entered a ravine, which for wildness or scenery, excelled anything I had ever seen before.

The almost perpendicular sides were covered with pine, cedar and cotton wood, the bottom were lined with tall grass; under a large shelving rock a cool spring gushed out of the bank and ran into a clear little pool below; here were the foot prints of bears, etc. Winding down the ravine we came to the river. It is about fifty yards in width where it passes between the hills. We passed around the foot of the hill to the east side before we could find an ascent, the upper part of

the rock being perpendicular for what seemed half the distance. We ascended until we came to the perpendicular cliff, passing around toward the north by climbing in the crevices of the rock and taking hold of the boughs of a tree standing near we reached the top. Walking along we started up a couple of mountain sheep, which Nye, my companion at that time, fired at but missed; we saw the same ones coming back, but were out of ammunition. I lay down on the rock and looked over; far below the waters foaming over a large stone which obstructed their progress, and again rushing on with the velocity of an arrow. Nye threw over a stone, and I counted twelve seconds before it struck the ground above the level of the water, this we tried several times with about the same result. Nye then dropped a stone to the base of the rock we were standing on, and counted 9 ere it reached the ground, so you can easily calculate the height of the hill. Coming home Rader shot a mountain hare, which was much larger than the rabbits in the States. We got back to camp after dark, after a walk of ten or twelve miles.

Wednesday, June 16.—19.—Over a rolling country, pretty good road, in eight miles we came to cotton wood creek, a fine little stream. In half a mile another creek, dry at this time. Four miles to the right of the road, in a clump of bushes, sixty yards distant, are two springs of water. Five miles farther to Horse creek. Laramie's peak has been in full view all day. Good camp this evening in a beautiful grove; fine grass, wood and water.

Thursday, June 17.—30.—In six miles we came to the canon. In company with three or four others I

walked through. The scenery is very wild and picturesque but not more so than that I visited before. There is a very perfect echo about half way through, which speaks so plain that one almost thinks some person is on the other side answering him. This is the noted canon, as it is near the road. Coming out behind the train, we did not catch up for several miles. Several girls of the company, with their companions, entered after we did, and walked, but were left so far behind the train that they had not caught up at dinner time and some horses were sent after them. This gave such offense to the termagants of the company that they did not cease growling about it occasionally until the company separated and we left them. They thought it highly improper and indecorous that young ladies and gentlemen should go into such places together without their pas and mas attending them. From the place where the road leaves the river before coming to the canon it is eight miles around the bluffs until it touches again; there is no more water until La Bonta creek. We neglected to water here as the guide said there was water in a small creek where we stopped for dinner; poor grass. Before coming to this creek we followed down a dry branch a mile or so. We were in the dark camping to-night; as it was a farther drive than we intended to make.

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thought first struck me on beholding it, had been dumped out of a cart. Over a rough hilly road six miles we came to a dry branch; eight miles farther to a dry ravine. One mile to a fine little branch, name unknown; camped before crossing; plenty of wood but poor grass.

Saturday, June 19.—19.—Box Elder creek six miles; not very good grass. Four miles to Boise creek, three miles over a good road. In four and a half miles we came to the Platte again. Deer creek five miles. After crossing we turned to the left and drove up it three miles and camped for Sunday, in the edge of a beautiful grove. Good grass, wood and water.

Sunday, June 20.—Mr. Worth preached in the morning to quite a number of strange hearers. Several of our young folks spent the evening in the grove—had a bible class.

Monday, June 21.—After a warm contest it was determined to stay here another day and rest the cattle. A few of the minority, the Henry's and Lewalyn's drove off. Several of the boys went hunting. McCoy, again the hero of the day, killed a buffalo, though it was so far off that he could only bring in a small piece.* Those of us remaining determined to have a seining. We fastened some blankets together, tied log chains to them for sinkers, and dragged the creek and got a fine supply of fish.

Tuesday, June 22.—8.—Some of the cattle were missing, and it was ten o'clock before we started. We drove 8 miles and camped on the river bank. Having

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passed our seceders about a mile. Wood and grass plenty. It rained in the night.

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Thursday, June 24.—17.—Our late seceders were received back into the company this morning. Two steers were missing, one of which was found the next day. The other was never found. We had a buffalo chase, some persons having run them near the train. Several gave chase, I among the rest, but without my gun, intending to be a spectator, or as I used to do when a boy, chasing rabbits, do the hollowing part. I ran along within a hundred yards of him for some distance, so that I had a very good view of him. His appearance was such as to satisfy me without taking a nearer view. Ten miles from last night's camp over a rough rolling country brought us to a large pond and

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spring. The pond is said to be poisonous, though the spring is good water. Here we nooned; grass not very good. A company in advance of us killed a buffalo here to-day. It was all carried off before we came up. Rained most of the day. We drove seven miles and camped without wood or water, and poor grass; intending to start by day light and drive to Willow Springs for breakfast. This morning we left the Platte for good without any regrets, for to many, it had been the scene of sickness, suffering and death, although our company had enjoyed comparatively good health.

Friday, June 25.—19.—Some of the cattle strayed during the night. They were found without much trouble and we were started by sun up. We drove ten miles and stopped at Willow Springs. The cattle were driven off about two miles to the bluffs, but did not get very good grass. There are a couple of springs or seep-holes here in the banks of a little branch. A number of willows have been standing here, which gave the name to the place, but they have all been cut down, and the only fuel now is the wild sage. Here we traded off some of our dried beef for flour. At one o'clock we started again. Our road ran through a gorge and then up a long hill; three miles from the springs to the summit, here we had a fine view of the Wind River mounts. Three and a half miles we crossed a slough, and a half farther we crossed Greace Wood or Fish creek. In two miles we touched it again and camped. No wood, poor grass. This is a small stream and rises in the Wind River mounts.

Saturday, June 26.—24½.—This morning we overtook Hunt, one of the company who left us beyond

Fort Kearney. He was by himself, having been left by his company near Laramie. He promised to join us tomorrow. One of his children, Craig's wife, Mr. Watkins, a young man named Jones, that formed one of Stroup's mess, Garret, a young man with Hunt, had all died. From last night's camp it is four and a half miles to a branch ; bad crossing. Alkali Lake five and a half miles ; here we gathered some soda for use. It is as good as salteratus. Independence Rock and Sweet Water five and a half miles. Here we stopped an hour or so for dinner and drove our cattle across the river to graze. The water of this stream is clear and cool and not turbulent and muddy like the Platte. During our rest here we took occasion to visit Independence Rock ; it is quite a curiosity. It is 500 yards long, 150 yards wide and 40 yards high, and is one solid piece of granite. It is pretty well covered with inscriptions, some in paint, others tar and others cut in solid rock. I noticed some dated as far back as '44. One in particular, displaying the poetic genius and wit of the author, should not be lost but preserved for immortality, it was written with a pencil on a piece of paper and stuck in a crevice in the rock :

"He is a poor devil, whose name,
For want of tar, is lost to fame "

As I was destitute of that needful article my name was also lost to posterity. In a little play here I sprained my big toe, beg pardon, the *phalanx, magnus pedis*, which by neglect and exercise, walking to the Devil's Gate, became a source of great pain, on Sunday. We crossed at the upper ford, one mile from the Rock, as the river was too high to cross at the lower, which is about a half mile nearer. To Devil's Gate is

five miles. The Gate is the most sublime spectacle that I have hitherto seen. This euphonious name is given to the place where the Sweet Water has forced its way through the solid rock. The chasm is about sixty feet wide and 500 feet high. The south side overhangs, the north inclines a little back. We tried to pass through but our passage was stopped by the boiling waters. Rather than go back to the entrance I tried to climb up the sides, but before getting half way up, I found I had "caught a Tartar," for it seemed that nothing but a fly could climb such a rock, but I thought it would be impossible to descend again in safety by the way I came up, so I pulled off my boots, tied them around my neck, and by dint of hard exertion I gained the top. I then walked to the summit and had the satisfaction of lying down on the overhanging rock and gazing on the rushing waters far beneath me.

Descending the opposite sidewas quite tedious, for several times, descending in a crevice in the rock, when within a few feet of the bottom, I would find my farther descent impeded, and be forced to climb back perhaps a hundred feet and try another passage. This was abuse to my lame foot, and dearly did I pay for it the next day.

The Devil's Gate is a gap in the mountains through which the road passes. Half a mile to the left of the road, at a trading post, I bought me a pair of coarse shoe, for three dollars. They wore pretty well, but as it afterwards turned out, there was a good deal of the Yankee about them, for the heels were stiffened with pasteboard and the middle sole was pine. We drove two miles from the gate and camped for Sunday; having crossed two little streams in the distance. We had

very good grass by crossing the river.

Sunday, June 27.—My foot was very much swelled and painful to-day, so that I could not walk about any. By keeping it wet with Aqua Flavia the inflammation became quite reduced by morning. Mr. Worth preached in the evening.

Monday, June 28.—20.—The road to-day is quite sandy. Most of the way in the vicinity of Sweet Water. Away to our right appears the Wind River mounts, a bare ridge of solid rock, with here and there a scrubby cedar shooting out from a crevice and eking a barren subsistence from the soilless rock. We are begining to see dead cattle, caused mostly from drinking the alkali water. In six miles we came to a bad slough with high banks. I was walking along and found a good crossing, where I thought I would light on a dry place eblow, but O! treacherous soil, instead of affording me with a firm foundation, it buried me up to my knees in mire. Fifteen miles to Bitter Cotton Wood, a dry creek, before reaching which we encamped on the bank of the Sweet Water, without any wood, except some cedar we had brought from our last night's camp. Drove the cattle across the river—poor grass.

Tuesday, June 29—12.—About half the cattle are missing, and it was nine o'clock before we got started. Six-and-a-half miles to the Narrows—so called from the fact that the mountains here come so close that the road crosses the river three times within a mile. At the first crossing, a short time before we came up, a man was hanged by his company. The circumstances are as follows: The murderer had a young man in his employ with whom he had been quarrelling all along;

yesterday he made it up and became very friendly, and at night asked him to go out into the hills with him. They departed together and the elder came back by himself, after dark, having, as he afterwards confessed, murdered him while the young man was walking before him. In the morning suspicion was aroused, the man acknowledged the act, but boasted that they could not find the body. Search was made, and the body found. Two or three companies coming up a jury was empaneled and the man condemned. They made a gallows by running two or three wagons with their tongues together, so as to make a fork, then locked them so that they could not slip; the culprit was made to stand on some boxes and the rope put on his neck, and when all was ready the sheriff kicked the boxes from under him and he was launched into eternity. This is the way in which justice is meted out on the Plains—without impediment of legal proceedings.

We nooned after crossing the first time. There is a way to avoid this, by taking the left hand trail, some two miles farther round. The river was higher than common, and at the third crossing we had to raise our wagon beds about eight inches, by putting rocks on the bolsters, as blocks of wood could not be found. Four miles from this crossing, following the bend of the river, and then passing through two mountain peaks, we struck the river again and camped, driving the cattle up the river.

Wednesday, June 30—21.—In three miles the road passes between two mountain peaks, and for the first time we caught a glimpse of the snow-capped Rocky Mountains. This was eagerly anticipated, and a thrill of delight rushed over me as I caught a glimpse of the

everlasting snows, for this is one of the occasions that break the monotony of our journey. In two miles we cross the river and leave it for sixteen miles, when we again cross it, and camped immediately after crossing and drove our cattle up the river about three miles. McCoy killed another antelope.

Thursday, July 1.—17.—Four miles over the bluffs we came to the Sweet Water again and forded twice; five miles up the valley there is a spring to the left, near some willows. In three miles the road leaves the river and crosses a spur of the Rocky mountains. Here we stopped and nooned. In two and a half miles we came to the summit, and in two and a half miles farther crossed two or three rocky ridges, very hard on wagons. This evening, as usual when there is any mountains to climb, I put out over the hills, and came into the trail about two hours ahead of the wagons, and sat down at the Rock ridge to wait for them. In the meantime a very cold rain commenced falling, and having neither coat nor vest, I was very near frozen when the wagons came up, and could only get warm by climbing into the wagon and covering up with our blankets. There is a turning to the right by which these ridges can be avoided. We drove two miles farther and camped on a level place, where there were three or four ponds; fair grass, burnt sage.

Friday, July 2.—16.—In one mile we crossed a little creek; two miles, two more creeks, and passing a fine poplar grove, in two miles we came to Strawberry creek. Quaking Ash creek, one mile; branch of Sweet Water three miles. Here there is a trading post and blacksmith shop. They charge for bacon

thirty cents, flour twenty cents, crackers twenty-five, sugar fifty, and for shoeing a horse or ox all round eight dollars. Just above the crossing is a pretty large snow bank where we laid in a supply for our milk and water at dinner. Probably will have an ice cream on the Fourth. It would appear strange to see flowers in full bloom by the side of a snow bank, but strange as it is, 'tis true, for many persons stood on the snow and plucked flowers as delicate as any on the plains. It is two and a half miles from here to Willow creek, and to the last crossing of Sweet Water, five miles farther. Here young Swain, brother of the young man who died this side of Fort Kearney, got his brother's goods. After crossing we drove to the left and camped on a little marshy stream, where was pretty good grass.

The trail now leaves the Sweet Water for good. This beautiful river rises in the Wind River or Rocky Mountains, and running 150 miles empties into the Platte, a few miles above the Mormon ferry.

Saturday, July 3.—14.—From here to the South Pass is ten miles. The summit or culminating point is where the road runs between two small mounds. It has 7,080 feet altitude. The country around the pass is a gentle rolling prairie, covered with wild sage and is quite different from what one's imagination would picture as a pass in such a mountain range. In company with Arch Bell, I started ahead, barefoot too, as I usually went on good roads, but I found a sore job this time before I got back. We reached the pass about an hour or two ahead of the train, and then concluded to go to the top of a neighboring mountain, about one and a half miles off. Bell concluded to stop about half way

up, but I was determined on seeing the top of it, and well did the sight repay me for it. To the west following the course of the trail, there was no object to obstruct the vision. As far as my vision could extend, wagon followed wagon until the foremost ones dwindled into insignificance. The mountain range curved around to the north-east. To the north-west could be seen many snowy caps, and to the north-east, the gentle rolling prairies whither we had just pursued our way. I was standing on the dividing ridge, separating the east from the west, on the one side was home with all its endearments, on the other was hope with all its allurements, and it seemed but a very slight stretch of fancy to look down from my airy height into the pleasant village of my nativity. The seminary, the church, the little stream, scenes of boyish amusements and especially the homestead, the household gods, were presented fairly to my view by the eye of faith, just as I had left them a few short months before. But, alas! no one knows what a day will bring forth and what may have transpired even during that short period. But hope bade me view the scene on my left, showed me there a new home, new duties, new pleasures, new associations, new attachments, and although they will never supplant the other, yet they will alleviate the pain of parting.

—Plucking a flower that grew on the summit, I descended and joined the train while they were descending towards the springs, where we nooned, four miles from the Pass. They are in a large marshy place, where several cattle have mired down. I quaffed the life-giving nectar not less eagerly from the thought that it was the first water I had seen that ran into the Pacif-

dians present, who were quiet and attentive, although, I suppose, they could not understand a word that was said. We had Bible class in the evening.

Monday, July 19.—20.—An accident this morning prevented me from seeing my patient, and I never learned whether he got well or not. As I was on the morning watch one of the horses got entangled in his lasso and fell, and in helping him up he rolled over against me and sprained my ankle. I continued on duty until daylight, when it became so sore that I could walk no more; could not during the forenoon put it in any position that would be easy. I kept a cloth, wet in cold water, wrapped around it, and the inflammation and soreness was so allayed that I could walk on it a little by night. In consequence of this, I missed many of the sights of the day.

In eight miles we came to the Big Soda Springs; two miles farther to Boiling and Steamboat Springs, near which we stopped a short time, and I borrowed Mr. Worth's horse and rode back to Boiling Spring. This is a curiosity, indeed, it is near the bank of the river—the water boiling in a basin about ten feet in diameter. The water is impregnated by carbonic acid gas, and will make pretty good soda water by simply sweetening it. The Steamboat spring is the prettiest; the water spouts out of a rock on the ridge's edge, about two feet high, of a white foam, and then runs off as clear as crystal. Such a fountain in a garden would be a rare acquisition. A few feet distant is a spring of dirty looking water that rises up a few inches. Both springs are quite warm: the Steamboat spring being two warm to bear the hand in.

From here to Myer's Cut-off, in the Humbolt val-

borhood. Several Indians visited our camp to trade little fish for sugar, (of which they are very fond) fish-hooks, powder, etc.

Saturday, July 17.—19½.—The trail to-day is through the bottoms for ten miles, crossing a number of little branches coming from the mountain springs, and of delightfully cool water. It then turns to the right, following a little valley between the low mountains; in five miles we came in sight of the river, and in four and a half, after crossing a little ridge, took a trail to the left, and passing a spring went down to the river bank and camped; burnt willows; the best quality of grass across the river. This, really, is the best grazing on the road; the distance through it, by trail is about sixty miles. There is much beautiful scenery along the trail; the mountain has a varied appearance, reminding one very strongly of a curtain of changeable silk—the red soil appearing through the rich grass I suppose to be the cause of it. The soil is very rich, and there is timber on the mountains, making it a desirable point for a colony, if there should ever be a railroad made through from the Mississippi to the Pacific. This river empties into Salt Lake, so there is no connection with the outer world. I have learned since coming through, that many trains have determined to spend the winter in this valley, and send to Salt Lake for provisions and other necessary supplies.

Sunday, July 18.—Last night, about ten o'clock, I was called out to see a little child, sick of diarrhea, in a train about a mile from our camp, and stayed with him all night; saw him twice during the day, and left him in the evening not much better. Mr. Worth preached in the evening. There were a number of In-

About dark Worth's three wagons drove up, having cut off from the Crawford company at noon to-day. Must say for Mr. Worth that his leaving was not quite so unceremonious as ours, as he had the entire consent of his friends in the company; not that we had any quarrel, or unkind words, but we didn't ask any person's consent about it—just drove out as a matter of course. So Worth was on a different footing with them—could drop back with the other company when he wished, while we could not, consistently, nor didn't wish to.

Friday, July 16.—24.—For seven miles the trail runs very near the river, then separates; one to the right passes up the creek to Thomas' fork, to a crossing, the other straight ahead, crosses two bridges over a slough and a creek, by which we saved eight miles travel; toll on bridges \$1.50 each. In two miles the road again forms a junction, and a little farther on is a good spring. We then crossed a high ridge, distance three miles; the descent very long, and one steep place for a short distance; then came into a beautiful valley, quite narrow, with a stream of water passing through it. Here we stopped and nooned, although the grass had been pretty well eaten up. The ascent of the next mountain is quite difficult, winding through the ravines, and the descent very steep. The distance across it is four miles. Traveling along in the valley eight miles we camped on the bank of a swift running brook with steep banks; the grass was all eaten off in the bottoms, but we drove our cattle back over the hills about two miles and found very good grass. There were a great many Indian horses feeding in the neigh-

Bell (Qhio Boys), and ours. At noon I settled with the company the business which was not closed up at St. Jo., paid them the balance in my hands, resigned office and left them. . The trail runs over a rough, high hill one and a-half miles long, seven miles on a good level road, to a grove of aspen trees, and near there a spring. In this grove there was said to be, at that time, two men hanging, left by some company before us. Crawford's company camped near the spring; we drove on about a half mile further; good grass.

Thursday, July 15—34.—In half a mile passed a spring in a little ravine; another mile the road passes through a most beautiful grove of pine and spruce—a fit introduction to the Oregon forests—to the summit of the hill, one mile. The descent is steep and two miles long, and at the bottom is a stream of pure cold water. Three miles to the summit of the next hill; here is a most delightful view of the Bear River valley—Bear River itself away to the left. The descent from here is two miles, and very steep in places. The trail doesn't run immediately into the river bottoms, but a ridge separates it therefrom for some distance. In five miles we come to a cold branch and springs; then, bearing to the left and around the end of the ridge, we come into the river bottom and cross another little stream. Four miles to Smith's fork of Bear River; there was a bridge over it when we crossed, which saved us from a disagreeable, deep rocky ford, (toll 50 c.), and saves, also, about a mile drive. In one mile the bluff comes very near the river—quite wide enough for wagons to pass. Drove two miles farther, and camped near the river; pretty good grass, wood scarce, but mosquitoes plenty, and of the largest size and hungry as mosquitos get.

They charged \$3.00 a wagon, and we swam our cattle. This is a beautiful stream, with rapid current and hard gravelly bottom. It is about one hundred yards wide, and has been forded this year up at the old crossing. I was called to see a negro who had been shot in the arm a few weeks before, and had been so much neglected, and ill treated, that it appears very probable he will lose his arm, if not his life. In twelve miles, over a hard road and a rolling country, we came to Slate creek; drove six miles up it, and camped at the crossing; drove the cattle over onto the hills to the right, and found fair bunch grass for them; used sage for fuel—it makes a very good fire to cook by.

Tuesday, July 13—20.—In nine miles, over a good road and decending a long hill, we came to a fine spring, under a willow bush to the right and here nooned; then drove over a very long hill and decended another, from which was a very fine view. To the right, at a distance of about a mile, could be seen the wagons on Sublet's road, creeping along on the side of what appeared to be a perpendicular hill. Decending this hill the roads join near a little stream, nine miles from where we nooned. In one mile we crossed a rocky ridge, with a fine cold spring to the right, and as much farther camped near another spring. Rained during the day occasionally; pretty good grass.

Wednesday, July 14—18.—In eight miles, passing through a thick grove and over a long, steep hill, came to Ham's fork of Bear river, and here nooned. The storm cloud, long brewing, burst at last: a division of the company had long been talked of; it was too large and not very harmonious. Six wagons of us determined to withdraw, viz: Forsyth, Bell, Buck and

ed by umpires, one chosen by each party and the two to choose a third as presiding officer: Samuel Bell and Scott Patton were chosen by the parties, and myself by them as thirdsman. The trial occupied the spare time of the morning and evening, and after supper we gave our decision—to-wit: that as each seemed to have an equal right to the ox, he should be sold at auction next day at noon, the proceeds placed in the hands of the President of the company, and if the ox was not called for by the rightful owner before we got through sale money to be divided equally between the contending parties: (a very Solomon of a verdict, and most satisfactory to both.)

Saturday, July 10.—20.—Last night a quarrel occurred between the Henrys and Scott Patton and Flynn—they leaving the old man. Scott joined our mess, and Flynn was received by Worth. In four miles we left Big Sandy, and turned off to the right for Kinney's ferry. At noon the ox was sold at auction, causing considerable fun. Mahan bought him at \$32: (a week or two afterwards, as I have learned, the owner came and claimed him, and so they were all put back *as you were.*) We camped for the night within a half-mile of Green River, and two miles above the ferry.

Sunday, July 11.—Some of the company found very good grass this morning, (had none last night,) on an island about one mile from camp, so we drove our cattle over there and let them stay all night. Quite a shower in the morning. Mr. Worth preached at ten, and we had Bible-class afterward.

Monday, July 12--20.—Hitched up and drove two miles to the ferry, and crossed without any difficulty.

Wednesday, July 7—11—Our sick people being well enough to travel, we started out again, and went back to the Springs. . . . Before coming into the road again a stray ox was taken up by Mr. Lindlayson's boys. It was also claimed by two ladies, who started to drive it up first, but the boys had been too fast for them. Leaving the Spring, in one and a-half miles we came to Pacific creek, a little branch heading in Pacific springs. Our guide gives the bearing of this place as follows: "Latitude 48° 18' 52"—
Longitude 108° 40' 0".

Thursday, July 8—20.—In six miles we came to the junction of the Oregon and Salt Lake roads; the latter also leads to Kinney's *cut-off*, by which the long decent is avoided. It is six or eight miles farther, but never more than a half days' drive without water; whereas the decent on the other road is about forty miles long. We determined to try the cut-off. Seven miles brought us to the crossing of Little Sandy, where we stopped for dinner; poor grass. Drove on to Big Sandy; grass very poor for miles along the creek. Camped one mile from Little Sandy, three from the road we had turned off of, and two from the crossing of the creek.

Friday, July 9—15.—No vegetation, except wild sage, have we seen since leaving the South Pass—the grass being confined to the immediate bottoms of the creek, and poor at that. We crossed Big Sandy at ten o'clock, traveled fifteen miles and camped on its bank. The road was level, gravelly, and hard on the cattle's feet. The ownership of the stray ox being still in dispute, was to-day brought up for settlement. According to our constitution all such questions were to be decid-

ic. We drove about five miles northwest of the spring, to the foot of the mountains, and camped, with very good grass. Here we stayed till Wednesday morning, in a little hollow where was several ponds of water, full of wiggle tails, &c. Frosty nights.

Sunday, July 4.—Mr. Worth preached in the morning. In the evening we young folks formed a Bible class, in which exercise we expected to spend our Sunday evenings. The Gospel of St. Luke was determined on as the subject for our study, and I was designated as teacher. It was a very pleasant day, but after dark began to rain, and blew about as hard as I ever experienced it on the Plains, and our tent would certainly have blown over had it not been pitched alongside of the wagon, chained to the wheels and the yokes thrown on the bottom to hold it steady. Lewis' tent did blow down, and we gave them shelter in ours. We had scarcely secured our tent when it began to snow, and soon the ground was covered with the emblem of purity.

Monday, July 5—Still in camp—the day was spent in a variety of ways: some hunting, some washing, some mending, others reading or writing. Several antelopes were brought in; among the fortunate was Zelic, who brought down one at two hundred yards. I was out herding in the evening, and took a long walk over the mountain and looked down upon the Sweetwater. McCoy was taken with Mountain Fever, (in the afternoon delirious,) but by good nursing was relieved so as to be able to travel by Wednesday. Tuesday I spent most of the day waiting upon him, in his tent. Monday night stormed again.

ley is four miles. This is a California trail. Here the river turns sharp to the left, and running south into Salt Lake, about fifteen miles distant. The Oregon trail turns to the right, around the bluff, and runs through a valley westward towards Fort Hall. In four miles we passed the Sulphur pool, which I did not see, and drove on two miles, passing two springs, and camped near another. We were visited by about a dozen Indians, on their way from Fort Hall back to Bean river; they were well mounted, and were fine looking Indians. Gave them a plate of biscuit, and they galloped away with the speed of the wind.

Tuesday, July 20—21.—In nine miles we crossed a marshy stream where there was pretty good grass, and five miles farther came to Port Neuff creek, and following it up four miles to a bridge of poles—charge for crossing twenty-five cents. We found a crossing where we forded, it was not wider than a person could jump over. I was out of the wagon and was left, and not being able to walk got in Pierson's wagon and spent the evening in reading a very interesting story, "The Scottish Children." In one mile began the ascent of the ridge separating Bear and Snake rivers, and crossing some very bad branches and pulling up some steep points, camped on the side of the hill, where there was wood, water and grass.

Wednesday, July 21—25.—Four miles brought us to the summit of the dividing ridge. Here is a high ridge running to the right; by looking along that direction can be seen three distinct peaks towering high above all surrounding. These are the Three Tetons, the highest peaks of the Rocky Mountains, and 150 miles distant. In a little distance came to one of the

springs, a little to the left of the road, of the finest water. This is the first water we have seen running west, the first that empties in the Columbia. We followed down this, crossing several little branches, until it became quite a stream. At noon I was called to see a boy that was sick of mountain fever. In fifteen miles over a rough, rocky, hilly road we came into a fine little valley, roads quite dusty for six miles, and then turned off the road to the left and camped on the creek we have followed all day. Fine grass, wood and water. Found plenty of currants near the camp, and service berries on the mountains.

Thursday, July 22.—17.—In two miles struck a heavy sandy road and followed it for six miles, when descending a little hill we came into a river bottom, and crossed the stream followed yesterday; the banks were miry but the bottom is very gravelly, the water very clear and cold, and drinks very well. From here it is four miles to Fort Hall, crossing many little streams and winding among the willows, which very much reminds me of a by-road in Hoosierdom. Before coming to the fort a few miles, passed two or three old log houses which we supposed was the fort; here was very good grass. Fort Hall is built of adobes or sunburnt brick, and is built more with an eye to defense than any of the forts we have passed. It is of a square form enclosing an open court of 100 feet in diameter, is two stories high, the entrance to which is guarded by a large double door. The establishment is owned by the Hudson Bay Company as a trading post, our government having sold it a few years ago. There are a few goods here at enormously high prices. Before coming to the Fort we passed hundreds of Shoshone or Root

Digger indians of all sexes, ages and sizes, clothed in nature's own garb, illustrating the oft-quoted aphorism,

"Nature unadorned is still adorned the most"

They were brutish, hideous, savage looking people. There are a great many horses here, and some very fine belonging to the indians. The best description of the fort I have heard was by McCoy, who said it was like an old boot run down at the heel. We stopped an hour or so at the Fort to discuss the merits of the Southern road, and then drove on, crossing Pannack creek, and two miles farther camped; not very good grass.

Friday, July 23-7.—The ford and ferry are about half a mile from last night's camp. It is over Port Neuff river. We laid poles on the top of our wagon beds and piled our goods on top of them. The water ran into the bed about eight inches. All got across safe except that some of Mr. Worth's flour got wet. We stopped a short time after crossing to dry our wagons. The trail then raises the bluffs and in seven miles enters the bottoms again, where there is a spring in a marshy place. Here we stopped for noon, and on account of a misunderstanding of the guide stayed all night. Good grass. Sol Rayden shot a Pelican on an island to-day and brought it into camp, it measured eight feet between the tip of its wings. We were joined to-day by three more teams, Coney's two, from Illinois, and one from Missouri.

Saturday, July 24.—18.—In one mile the trail raises the bluffs and one mile farther crosses a stream, in seven miles more it comes into the bottoms, here we stopped to noon. Here there were plenty of currants. The road has been dusty and the weather quite warm.

We bathed for the first time in the waters of the Snake. The Lewis, or Saptin, or Snake river, (as it is known by all these names) is about two hundred yards wide; the current swift, the water is cool and clear and in delightful contrast to the heat and dust of the road. In six miles passed the American falls. These are beautiful cascades or rapids with a fall of about eighty feet, and in two miles more passed a very good and large spring, in fact there are many such along the way this evening. We drove on four miles and camped on the banks of the river, just above some rapids. Grass poor.

Sunday, July 25.—Mr. Worth preached in the evening. Quite a number of strangers to hear.

Monday, July 26—20.—I was on the morning watch and just at daylight, as we were driving the cattle out to graze, about one hundred Indians came up and met me. I was by myself at the time; so much has been said about the Digger Indians that I thought it looked rather snaky, however, I kept on as usual. They rode up and were very friendly. I shook hands with many of them. I had nothing with me but an old revolver, but I had it ready for execution, in case of need. In traveling eight miles we crossed three streams, the third being very rapid and the bottom covered with very large niggerheads, and a bad hill to pull up after crossing. At this point stopped and grazed awhile. Poor grass. Falls creek, three miles. In three miles farther the road leaves the bottom and ascends the bluffs. To Raft river, six miles, road part of of the way very dusty, with this exception it is very good. This is a small stream about eighteen or twenty feet wide. We camped after crossing. Tolerable

good grass. Raft river is called Cairo creek by Palmer. Here the last California trail of any note takes off, and also the Southern Route into Rogue river and Umpquas. It strikes over into Humbolt river. I am not acquainted any farther with it.

Tuesday, July 27.—15.—This morning four of our train took off the Southern route: Sam Bell, Ohio boys, Bach, Bell and Grubb. All that I have ever heard from them since we got through, is that Mrs. Bell died on the way, leaving a little child of a week old. William Brown promised to write to me as soon as he got through; if he has fulfilled his promise it has never reached me. This trail goes into Raft river, while the Oregon trail takes across the bottoms and rises the bluffs. To Marshy creek, it is about fifteen miles, no water in the meantime. We turned off before coming to it, to the left, and went about a mile up the creek, where we had pretty good grass by driving the cattle across, though we would have done better by driving down the creek a few miles. The road to-day was very rocky and dusty.

Wednesday, July 28.—11½.—Road not quite so dusty as yesterday. For seven miles our course was down Marshy creek, and crossed. At the crossing we found good grass and grazed. At noon we had considerable trading. We traded one of our cattle to Forsyth for one of his that had broken down. He bought one of Worth's wagons for \$50 and also a yoke of cattle of Worth for \$80. He threw his away, as it was very heavy. In five and a half miles came to the Snake again, and camped. Some grass.

Thursday, July 29.—11½.—Coose creek, four and a half miles, a little stream with muddy banks, and

thence seven miles to Snake river, where we camped ; near by us was a Dutchman, who owned a seine ; paid him a dollar for the use of it during the evening. We caught enough for a couple of messes for the camp. I was on the first watch at night, and none of the others went out when I did, so I was left an hour or two by myself with the cattle about three miles from camp. My feelings can be better imagined than described. I knew not how many of those crafty and treacherous savages might have been watching me, only waiting their own convenience to pounce onto me as a wolf on the fold : how easily might one of the death-dealing arrows send me to the bourne from whence returns no traveler, and then possess themselves of their booty. Thoughts like these flitted across my mind occasionally as I walked hither and thither, restraining the rambling propensities of my little charger. I came to the determination that if the others did not come out to me I would watch until twelve, and then lay down on the ground and sleep the rest of the night and let the oxen go to grass. But I was soon relieved of any anxiety by the appearance of the rest of the watch. At midnight roused the other watch, possessed ourselves of their blankets and was soon sound asleep, entirely unconscious of anything until awakened in the morning to drive the cattle in. Going back I left my powder flask and had to hunt for it some time before I could find it.

Friday, July 30—13.—In five miles passed Scott's company, of Illinois, whose cattle had swam across the river and had not yet been recovered. Two men had started over to try and drive them back, but one man was drowned before reaching the opposite bank,

and the other man was still over there and afraid to try to come back. I understood afterwards that they hired some young men at a cost of a dollar a head, or fifty dollars for the drove to drive them back. Here we crossed a little dry branch, where there were many cedars. In eight miles came to Cut Rock creek, where there was water standing in pools, and drove up it two miles and camped in some very high grass, tall enough to hide the cattle. We made our bed in the tall grass and slept very comfortably till morning, without regarding a slight shower that fell in the night. I will here remark that we did not pitch our tent for most of the time before coming to Dalles, as the nights were very pleasant and we (Scott, Mac. and I) preferred sleeping in the open air.

Saturday, July 31—10.—To Rock creek, where the trail strikes it, it is nineteen miles. But we turned to the left and struck it away above after driving about ten miles over a pretty level road, crossed and camped on the opposite bank for Sunday. Dr. Crawford's train came up and camped on the opposite side, about a mile above us. They are all well and in excellent spirits, except the Doctor and Mahan, who are unwell.

Sunday, August 1.—It rained very hard for an hour or so about the middle of the day. At five in the evening Mr. Worth preached. It was like old times to see the old congregation at meeting.

Monday, August 2—16.—Crossed back and went down the creek, struck the old trail in three miles. In another mile it leaves the creek which turns to the left, and in eight miles farther it crosses it in a canon. The trail then leaves the creek again, which bends around to the right, and strikes it in five miles at an-

other canon. There is pretty good water, but the banks are very steep and it is difficult to get stock down. Here we camped and drove our cattle back towards the bluffs to graze. Several other companies very near us.

Tuesday, August 3—15.—Took in water, as it is twenty-two miles to any more on the road, and drove ten miles to the forks of the road: the left hand road is the nearer, but by going two miles on the right hand road water can be had by going down the very high and steep bluff to the river; it is very hard on cattle, and if persons are prepared to carry water enough for their cattle, they had better keep the left hand road and avoid this altogether, as it will occupy two hours. We determined to follow the left hand road. The road ran near the river all day, but the banks were too high and steep to get down, being often from 600 to 1,000 feet perpendicular, so that nothing without wings can get down in safety. But in two miles from the forks the descent is gradual enough for loose cattle to be driven down. I carried a two-gallon bucket up the bluff, and found it quite an undertaking, as there was a sufficiency of exercise without carrying anything. We drove about three miles and camped where there was pretty good bunch grass, making a drive of fifteen miles. By going the right-hand road it is five miles the nearest.

Wednesday, August 4—26½—The great Shoshonee Falls in Snake River is a few miles below this, but no one of us visited them: they are said to be six hundred feet high. In twelve miles from the last night's camp came to the river again, after descending a long hill, over a pretty good road. No grass here—so watered

and drove on. Crawford's train camped about two miles ahead of us last night, but we passed them this morning while grazing. In five miles crossed Salmon creek, a dirty little branch, no grass; one and a half miles to the river, decending a steep sand hill. Bannock creek three miles, grass all grazed off. In five miles came to Salmon Falls, the road in the bottoms; here we camped and drove our cattle back to the bluffs, but found no grass. A few indians are hutted here, who obtain a miserable existence from the salmon fishery. They eat nothing else, and will not eat bread with it. They are always naked, and desire very much to trade fish for blankets, which they call *afli*. They also trade for clothes, fish hooks, powder and pistols. The bodies of the fish they boil in a kettle—the heads, roast in the ashes. The fish are caught at the foot of the falls, and the best fishing is on the north side. The indians swim across, stand on the rocks and spear them as they pass up. They are so thick that, in a few minutes, an indian can catch more than he can carry. We gave an old pistol for a fish that would weigh fifteen or twenty pounds. There are some very large springs put out of the bank on the opposite side of the river, which pours a great quantity of water down the cliffs in a very picturesque manner. They look very tempting.

Thursday, August 5.—We drove the cattle back on the trail and over the bluffs, about two miles, and found some grass—intending to start on the thirty-three mile desert about one o'clock. The cattle were driven in at that time, but some were not ready to go, and, after talking and dallying all evening, they were sent back, to wait till morning.

Friday, August 6–18.—Started at 6:30 o'clock.

Two miles, over a sandy road, completed the ascent of the bluff, and, in fourteen miles farther, by a good road, found that we could water by going down a very high and steep hill—rather worse than the other place—which detained us an hour or so. We saw a great many dead cattle in the water and on the bank, that had given out, and died from over-drinking. After watering, drove down a steep hill into a ravine, one mile; another mile to the top of the next hill, where we camped; bunch grass, no water, used sage or old broken down wagons for fuel, as there are plenty such—often have the best of hickory and oak for fires. After rising the hill the road was very good for the rest of the day.

Saturday, August 7—21½.—Some of Mr. Worth's cattle were missing this morning, and, as we had no water, the other teams drove on and Donnel and Forsyth stayed and helped hunt them. Mr. Worth was much offended that they left him; they caught up at night, however. For twelve miles the road is rolling and sandy, then descends a steep hill, and, three miles farther, down a ravine to the river. Here a good many were ferrying their wagons across; the boat was made of three wagon beds, caulked; the cattle they swam over. This is the best plan, as there is much grass and water on the north side, although there was much more sickness than on the south.

—We did not cross, as our guide advised us not to—and we were dutiful to all his requests—but repented it afterwards, when our cattle got nothing but sage and grease-wood to eat. Going back a half mile we turned to the right, rose the bluffs in four miles, and by descending a very steep hill came to the river again. This

is the old ford at the head of the island. No persons are fording here this year; in fact, the river is higher than common. Crossing a sandy ridge, came to the river again and camped for Sunday: good grass.

Sunday, August 8.—The cattle strayed very much in the evening. Preaching was not over in time to drive them in before dark, in consequence some were left out.

Monday, August 9—22.—Another division in our company occurred to-day. There had been tardiness for some time in traveling, which did not suit *us*, so we drove out this morning as soon*as ready; two other wagons followed us; Worth and Forsyths stayed back, and in a few days joined Crawford's company. McCoy took up a stray cow here, which he afterwards sold to an indian at Grand Rond for \$25. In one mile the road runs so close to the bluffs that there is much danger of a wagon upsetting and rolling into the river; in three miles, struck the river again in a little ravine, at which place there is a fine spring just under the bank, at the water's edge at the lower side of the ravine. Here we stopped to noon. In four miles left the river, and another four miles over a very sandy road, came to it again, and camped below a large round hill, which stands isolated on the river bank, and as we knew no name for it, we dubbed it the "Tower." Pretty good grass; used willows, which grew plenty on the river.

Tuesday, August 10—14.—From here to Catharine creek eight miles, where we stopped at noon. In the evening drove six miles and camped near the mouth of this creek. Good grass. Two Indians stayed all night with us. Some visited us in the evening

who were rather saucy.

Wednesday, August 11—17.—Struck the Snake river again in nine miles. Here I was called to see a Mrs. Willard, who was very low of a bilious fever. Her husband, Dr. Willard, had a diarrhea, and had physicked himself almost to death. The road runs near the Snake for six miles and a half, then drove a mile and a half to the hill, and camped without wood or water, and very poor grass.

Thursday, August 12—16.—Started before sun up and drove five miles to a little hollow where there was some water and grass; stopped about two hours; then drove nine miles to a ravine; plenty of water but no grass. Drove our cattle down the ravine to the river, a distance of two miles, to graze; got back by sunset. Yoked up and ascended a very steep hill, and rough road and stopped at the end of two miles, and turned our cattle out on the sage till morning.

Friday, August 13—15.—Started early in the morning and struck the river in twelve miles; sandy road. Here there is a fine cold spring in the willows to the right. Drove three miles, carrying water from the river, a distance of two miles. Had very good bunch grass, dry as it all is. We have now pretty much quit guarding our cattle at night, but go to sleep and let them range at will. They do not scatter much as there are so few together.

Saturday, August 14—13.—In four miles came to a dry branch, but found a little water for the cattle about a mile above the crossing. Hot Springs four and a half miles. We crossed two little streams about half a mile apart; water quite warm. The springs

are about 100 yards to the left of the road ; stopped and grazed at the first. Plenty of green grass, but it was coarse and washy. The water of the springs is hot enough to scald a person's hand, but I do not know the temperature as I had no thermometer. While stopping here a dead man floated down the river. He had no coat, was dressed in jeans pantaloons. Suppose he was one of those who attempted to come down the Snake in wagon beds. Drove four and a half miles and camped on the river. No wood but willows, and no grass.

Sunday, August 15—9.—The road here leaves the river and crosses the highlands. In seven miles it strikes the river and leaves it. In two miles found some good bunch grass and camped, bringing water from the river, one and a half miles distant. When I say good bunch grass, I mean comparatively good ; have no good grass. What we have is scattered and dry. In many places find where there has been good grass, but it is all gone by the time we get to it.

Monday, August 16—15.—The road most of the day in the vicinity of the river, and heavy and sandy ; camped on Snake.

Tuesday, August 17—17.—In nine miles left the river, and in nine miles struck the Owyhee river, crossed, drove down the river and camped. At the crossing found a family consisting of a man, (sick) his wife and four children, one of them sick. They had been left there by an emigrant, who had kindly brought them forty miles. Their team had died and they had left their wagon and almost everything they had ; Hays' train from Missouri had given them some provisions. They were afraid of the Indians, and Scott, McCoy

and I took our rifles and blankets and went and slept with them. I forgot to say that I heard at the ferry over Snake that Craig had joined Hays' train, and Mrs. Watkins was dead. We saw her grave about two or three days drive after crossing the Platte, and that Mary Jane Watkins had married to Calvin Walker, one of their drivers. Since coming into the valley I have heard that in crossing the mountains he had lost both of the teams and had left the wagons and has since died. Three miles down the bottom, and on the other side of snake, is Fort Boisee. This is a miserable place; some persons went over but could find very little to buy. The country now assumes a better appearance. The soil appears a little better, we have not had that intolerable dusty, sandy road that we had this side of the upper crossing. The hills are covered with bunch grass.

Wednesday, August 18—13.—We drove back two miles and took in this sick family, and then taking the left hand trail, and over the bluffs fifteen miles to the Malhear river. We turned to the left and struck the river about a mile above the crossing, but would have done better to have gone down the river. It was after dark when we camped; a cold wind was blowing all night. As Craig was very sick, McCoy went with him to-day to take care of him,

Thursday, August 19—10.—Allowed our cattle to graze till noon; then hitched up and drove down to the crossing and got over by twelve o'clock. This and the Owyhee are about as large as Flatrock. It rises in the Blue mountains, about fifteen miles from here. There are several hot springs near the ford. The grass here is very coarse and not very good.

The road leads off in a northerly direction up a beautiful valley covered with grass, which is quite green. In places where it is dry some wretch has fired it and it is now burning. We camped in ten miles. No water, no grass; used sage for fuel.

Friday August 20.—13.—Two miles brought us to Sulphur Springs. The water of these Springs was very muddy, owing to it being used to water cattle altogether. I did not taste it to see how sulphurous it was. In six miles we crossed a little dry creek. I called to see a boy sick of diarrhea; have since learned that he died. Birch creek, four miles; some water and grass after crossing. In three miles more came to the Snake. This is our last camping on the Snake river; plenty of good bunch grass. Visited in the evening by some Oregonians in search of their friends, the first we have met, although we met some on the Bear River mountains that were going to the States. Flynn's, Stupper's, Worth's and Forsyth's hands caught up with us, having left them the Thursday before. They brought the unpleasant news that Samuel Grey had died Tuesday night before, on Catherine creek; that Mrs. Worth was sick, (she has since got well) and that their cattle are dying off and giving out, (rather exaggerated as we afterward learned) and that they were about fifty miles behind us. One of the wagon bed boats is lying just below; the owners have determined to leave the river; they gave a thrilling account of the passage through some canons. It is folly, it is worse than folly, it is absolute madness to attempt the descent of Snake river in that way. There are so many falls in the way, as to destroy the best boats, and many places where they must cordelle for

204 miles. None got any farther than within ten or or twelve miles of the mouth of Snake. A boat load went to the mouth of Grande Ronde river and came up Fremont's old trail. Many were wrecked before going that far and lost all, and were three or four days climbing the mountains before coming to the road, and that too without any provisions. Let no one ever think of attempting such a thing.

Saturday, August 21—8.—The road then rises the bluffs, and the river bearing away to the right loses itself in a canon. I walked far ahead of the wagons and on arriving at the top of the hills, turned around to take a last view of the Shoshonee river. The scene before me was very beautiful. The broad river lay spread out before, glittering under the rays of the rising sun like a river of molten silver. While away to the right the country stretched out in gentle undulations of sage plains, and to the left the view was immediately bounded by the high mountains in which the river was engorged. I took off my hat and made my best bow, and bade a long last farewell to its clear rippling waters. From last night's camp it is five miles to Burnt river, and traveling up it for three miles came to a fine spring branch. Here we stopped and nooned and left our passengers. After dinner, finding our cattle on such good grass, we concluded to let them stay all night, and spent the evening in washing and sunning our goods. The sick family were afterwards taken up by a team who undertook to take them clear through. I have heard nothing of them since.

Sunday, August 22—19½—Having rested most of the day yesterday we thought it advisable to make the

most of to-day. The Burnt is not a large stream, being about five yards wide, and is quite swift, cold and clear. The road now is up Burnt creek five and a-half miles, crossing several times, then turns to the right, ascends the bluffs for seven miles; then crosses a small stream of good water. In two miles came to the Burnt again, crossed it, then travelled four miles up it, crossing three or four times, nine times in all; and camped on a little rising ground on the bank of the creek. The valley is very narrow here, and, as a consequence, compelled us to cross many times. The road has been quite sideling in many places, though not so much so as to be dangerous. The scenery is very beautiful, and romantic in the highest degree, and in many places the valley is so narrow as to overhang on both sides, and almost shut out the light of day, and the color of the soil gives such a shading and mellowing to the light as one witnesses on entering a large room whose windows are darkened, casting an appearance of twilight throu'out the room. Still, this is not a faithful simile, but nearer than any other object with which I can compare it. We drove the cattle up the hillside, and about seventy-five above us is the old road, which Palmer describes as so difficult.

Monday, August 23—10.—In two miles left the river, and six miles farther nooned among the hills and little tributaries of the Burnt. Stopt about two hours, then yoked up and drove two miles to the river, finding very good grass, and turned out.

Tuesday, August 24—16.—The road was quite good in the forenoon, (hard, and not dusty), which is quite a treat. Stopped for dinner on a little stream; a very high hill just after crossing. I think it very like-

ly a good road could be made up a ravine to the left, thus securing a gentle ascent up the hills, and avoiding quite a steep hill on the top of the first. We camped at night on the last waters of the Burnt. Half-a-mile above the camp is a spring, and a half mile farther found good grass.

Wednesday, August 25—20.—The road turns sharp to the left at the camp, and rises the bluff. After leaving the creek there is no water for fifteen miles, so we filled our cans before starting. For the first eight the road was solid, but rolling; then two miles over very rough rocks and dust, after which we came out into a large bottom, surrounded by mountain ranges. Five miles to a slough of Powder River, poor water; five more to another slough, where we stayed all night,—poor water, grass very good near the river; was called to see a woman, sick of diarrhea.

Thursday, August 26—16.—Branch of Powder river, six miles; same in one and a-half miles, over very rocky road; another in twelve and a-half miles, where we stopped for dinner, and McCoy joined us again, Craig having got better. The road to-day is covered with a very fine black dust, which is quite offensive. Traveling six miles in the evening, camped upon the banks of a little stream to the right of the road; very good grass, water and willows.

Friday, August 27—17.—This morning we left one of our oxen that had been failing some time. He died but a few minutes after we left. It has been remarked that the healthiest, heartiest and best cattle often lay down and die, without any apparent disease before, and the diseases of cattle upon the Plains are fully as incomprehensible as those of human beings. In two

miles began the ascent of the bluffs; then two over a rocky hill, decending which we pass a poplar grove, on the right. One mile to Cold Spring, one farther to the ascent, and in four came to the brow of the mountain, overlooking the Grand Ronde. From the top of this mountain the scene is enchanting to a high extent; the vast bowl-shaped valley comprising, perhaps, *five hundred square miles in extent*, and entirely encompassed by mountains, is presented to the beholder, at a bird's-eye view, with the additional enchantment that distance lends to the view. The decent into the valley is rocky and steep, and two miles long: is oval shaped, and its greatest diameters are about thirty by twenty miles. The Grand Rond runs through it, thousands of horses graze over it. The soil is rich, and well watered by springs from the mountain. It would be a fine location for an inland colony. Their provisions could be sold for many years, to the emigrants, at very good prices, and their stock be driven to the Willamette valley, where they would bring fine prices. There is an abundance of timber on the mountains surrounding it. The indians drive a brisk trade with the emigrants; they will give a pony for a cow, although they take much care not to give a good one: besides, the cow is worth more in the Willamette valley than the pony. Nothing can be made by trading with these indians, as they ask very extravagant prices for everything they have to sell. They are good judges of horses, and will not sell their best. I saw some that they held at \$200 and \$250, and have been told that they sell only such as are broken down and are fatted again, or are irreclaimably vicious.

—The indian squaws have peas and berries for sale,

and wish to buy cups, pans and clothing, so they may live as white folks. McCoy sold his cow here for \$25. . . In five miles, traveling along the left-hand margin of the valley, camped for the night where we had good grass, and spring-water from the mountain. No wood here, but we hauled a dead stick two or three miles, which lasted us all night. The soil is dark and loose—a little sandy.

Saturday, August 28—14.—In three miles crossed a spring branch, and, turning to the left, commenced the ascent of the Blue Mountains. Here I saw a Chief of the Nez Percés tribe who speaks English very perfectly, and is said to own thousands of cattle and horses upon the north side of Snake, in the same tribe in which Rev. Spalding, (the earliest missionary here), labored. On arriving at the summit, and descending a gentle inclination, three miles in all, stopped to noon where there was good grass. It would be far better to take the right-hand road at the top of the first branch, and also at the forks of the road the next time, at the top of the third hill, as by doing so several very steep hills may be avoided, and it is some nearer. We took the left-hand both times. The first right-, and second left-hand, roads were both opened this year. After dinner drove eight miles, to Grande Ronde river, and encamped for Sunday. This crossing is a mile or two above the old one. The mountains are covered with fine timber; fir, cedar and pine. We are camped this evening, for the first time in a long while, in a woods, and have the pleasure of sitting by a log fire. Drove our cattle up the hill to the right of the road, to graze.

Sunday, August 29.—Remained in camp; in the evening drove our cattle up the river, to graze. I not-

iced, along the creek where the grass had been burnt off, that the soil was burnt out to a depth of several inches, and in two or three places that I measured it was two feet deep. It was not the roots of the grass, but the soil, as the charred roots were left. In the evening Scott and I found some berries, of which we ate quite heartily, and wakened up in the night in not an enviable condition of stomach. I stirred up the fire, warmed some water, took a large draught of it, and soon dislodged them; then went back to bed and slept soundly till morning: they are not poisonous, but simply indigestible. The indians had told us they would make us sick, but we did not believe them until having learned the truth of it by experience.

Monday, August 30—11.—We started by 6:30 and rose the hill. In three miles came into the old road, and in two more, farther up, to a ravine and steep hill, on which, to the left side of the track, there had been some logs placed as a protection to the wagons. In about six miles stopped for the night, where some emigrants had found a pool of water about three hundred yards from the road, through a dense forest, from which we carried our water. There are some little openings in the woods that are covered with grass, and we left our cattle in these, where they were all found in the morning. Heavy frost during the night.

Tuesday, August 31—22.—Four miles brought us to a branch of the Uvilla river, a while before which we took up a couple of stray horses that we knew belonged to Red-Pattis' company, who got them again in the Uvilla valley. In three miles more we came to a pool at the side of the road, where we took water, as there is no more until we come to the Uvilla valley. Fifteen

miles to the foot of the Blue Mountains; camped near a spring of very good water: no grass, and used willows for fuel. To-day the timber is not so high as that heretofore, but is fully as thick, except there are now openings. Road solid and smooth.

Wednesday, September 1—13½.—We wished to let our cattle pick a little: the others disagreed with us, and consequently drove off. We fell in company with a man from Wisconsin, named Whitlock, (a Californian going back,) with whom we traveled the rest of the way to the mouth of Sandy. Drove eight miles before dinner: saw great droves of indian horses, who had eaten the grass very close in the valley. Besides, ever since we struck Burnt River, for miles at a stretch the grass has been burnt off by some incarnate imp of Satan, and, as a consequence, many teams suffer by it. In three and a-half miles came to the crossing of the Uvilla; here the river is divided by two islands into three different channels. We drove down two miles and camped, driving our cattle back over the bluffs, where they had plenty of good grass. We bought a quart of little potatoes, (about as large as a marble,) of indians, and paid one dollar for them. Saw one of Dr. Whiteman's pupil's to-day.

Thursday, September 2—18.—In one mile the road rises the bluffs. Before tackling these it is necessary to take in water, as there is no more for eleven miles, (when we again strike the Uvilla,) over a rolling prairie, loose dry soil, not very dusty. At the foot of the hill is a spring. Turning to the left below this we went over to the river bank and camped, driving our cattle over the hills: here we were visited by a son of Thomas Chinn, an old Decatur man.

Friday, September 3—18.—Eight miles down the bottom the road crossed again, but here there is no water; the Uilla, which is a considerable stream above, sinks above this point and is perfectly dry at the crossing; I do not know how far down it rises again. Here is the residence of the Indian Agent: it is a frame, one and a-half stories high, a porch on the west side, a good well, and an old-fashioned windlass graces the porch. No grass within less than a mile here. We drove our cattle about one and a-half miles, and there left them till evening. There are a great many ordinary horses here, too.

—As we were afraid of running out of provisions before arriving at The Dalles, Scott and I concluded to go ahead, and await the wagons there. We spent the evening in cooking; baked up about sixty biscuit, a couple of corn dodgers, about two quarts of ground parched corn; adding thereto a couple of blankets, a tin cup, a spoon and a canteen. We packed our duds on Scott's pony, and about an hour by sun put out and reached Alder creek about ten o'clock, (ten miles,) having stopped to graze about half an hour. We stayed with a Missouri company that night, tied our pony to the bushes, gave him some green leaves to eat, and then slept the rest of the night.

Saturday, September 4—34.—Started at sun-up, and, as the pony had had but little to eat, stopped an hour to let him graze. The Well Springs are distant twenty miles, and no water till they are reached. On arriving at the summit, about eighteen miles, we saw a trail leading off to the right, the other keeping ahead down a ravine where we saw some trees, and supposing the Springs to be there, we pushed on and on coming

out of the ravine, and not finding any water, we turned back to the right, where we found some wagons. Here was a pond, all tramped up by cattle, and not a draught of clear water, and that in our canteens had given out some time before. Here we very foolishly ate our dinners and then started on to the Springs, about two miles distant. Before arriving there I thought I would famish; my mouth became perfectly dry, and I could hardly speak a word. The first pond we came to was as bad as the one we left, and yet a quarter of a mile to the Spring. This is a little hillock in which there is a cavity, of what seemed then to be the best of water, but under ordinary circumstances would be passed by as a mud puddle: never was so *dry* in my life; drank a half gallon or more during the fifteen minutes we rested here; then started for Willow Creek,—fifteen miles distant. After walking five miles stopped and took supper, and found that we had lost our tin since leaving the Springs. About sundown started on the other ten miles, which we completed about nine o'clock. It is a very good road, except about two miles at the end, which is down a ravine and quite stony, and as it was quite dark it is altogether reasonable to suppose that my moccasined feet got a good many hard knocks. We stop'd for the night on a little nameless creek with a train from Iowa: this creek sinks several miles above here, and rises again in a mile or two; there are a few pools along it, and the channel is deep and arched over with willows. As there was no water in camp, I took a lantern and went down into the cavern, as it appeared, to hunt a spring. The first thing I stumbled upon was a dead ox; a few steps farther a green pool, at the opposite edge of which was the 'spring' cut out of the bank, which was rather clear.

Sunday, September 5—26.—The next "heat" without water is twenty miles. The sun was about an hour high when we started. Rising a high hill the road is rolling, but good, for fourteen miles, when we descended into a valley; followed it up for six miles, when the trail turns to the right and rises the bluffs. At this point, to the right of the road and just under the bluffs, is a nice little spring. We got here about noon, rested a few minutes, and then started over the bluffs to John Day's river, six miles. This day is not so warm as yesterday; therefore, we did not suffer from heat and thirst as then; there is a trading post here; they sell flour at 37c., sugar 40c., coffee 50c. per pound. We bought a pound of sugar to add to our stores. . . .

. As we were to have another stretch of twenty-six miles without water we thought it best to stay all night at this point. I did not sleep very well, as the night was cool and our lodging was in the dry bushes, and wind being high made a great rustling, added to which the pony (hitched to our heads), pulled around a good deal—adding to the "confusion confounded."

Monday, September 6—26.—Got up at two o'clock, thinking it was about daylight, turned the pony out to graze, got our breakfast; then, after waiting awhile, started out to hunt him, but he was not to be found; so we took another nap. After it was light enough to see we found him on the mountain side, and by sun an hour high were on our way. The ascent of the mountain is long, steep and rocky, being up a ravine. Two miles from the river we come to the forks of the road. The right hand leads to the Columbia river and The Dalles—the left goes direct to its *month*, and is said to be fifty miles the shortest route. The road is good, solid, but

but rolling. About seventeen miles farther we stopped and ate the last of the little store that we started with. Columbia river five miles, after decending a very long and steep hill. There is danger in taking stock to the river here, as there are quicksands. Going two miles down the river, we slept at night with a family from Illinois. We got our supper, breakfast and lodging for \$1.00, besides twenty cents we gave for a salmon: had a fine specimen of indian dancing.

Tuesday, September 6—18.—Des Shutes, or Falls River, two miles. This stream is deep, swift, and has a rocky bottom. There is a ferry over it, but it can be forded by crossing to the island, and then going down to a clump of trees and driving across. I swam an emigrant's horse, and not knowing the ford, got wet up to the waist. Walked until I got dry, although it was cold. The trail now ascends a high hill four miles, and then another mile to the summit. From this can be seen two snow-capped mountains—Mount Hood and Mount St. Helena. Ten-mile creek one mile, one and a-half to a spring, and a-half to the forks of the road. The left leads to the Gate, the right to The Dalles, which is eight miles. Instead of climbing the second hill we took an indian trail, and went around it, getting a fine view of the Dalles of the Columbia. This is where the river runs within a very narrow channel—perhaps one-fourth of its width—with perpendicular, rocky banks on each side, and the river boiling over large stones which obstruct the channel. Here we saw a couple of seals in the water, which appear about as large as a bull dog. We arrived at

“THE SETTLEMENT”

about one o'clock in the afternoon.

Here "Scott and I" spent eight days, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the Company, and while away the long, tedious and wearisome hours as best they could; loafing about—catching items, etc., variegated by a "drive" to the Gate, eighteen miles distant. The now flourishing City of THE DALLES was then a dirty hamlet of a few miserable huts; giving no promise of the lively City of this day

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ARRIVAL AT THE DALLES.

Monday, September 13.—This evening our wagons drove into the bottom, and encamped about three miles from the store, and the next day drove into the town. Tuesday and Wednesday were spent making arrangements for driving the cattle down the 'pack trail.' We had eleven head of cattle and two horses, (as we had agreed to take one down the trail for a stranger,) and Whitlock had fourteen head of cattle and two horses. There were four drivers—three of us and Whitlock's hand. We would have had a much better time had we simply taken our own, as the more there are together the worse it is. As we had no guide book for this part of the route we suffered some inconvenience, and were kept longer than was expected and ran out of provisions.

Wednesday, September 15—5.—This morning Camilla took Craig's child, promising to take care of it until we came to Portland. By noon we had made all arrangements, drove our cattle up, packed our provisions and blankets on our horses, and by three o'clock were on our way. Crossing the branch out above the sawmill, the trail leads across the bottom and, in two and a-half miles, crosses a little branch; half-mile farther is a spring, to the left of the road in some bushes. Here we filled our utensils with water, as there was no

grass here we did not expect to again find water before night. Turning to the left, in two miles we encamped under cover of some bushes, just below the crossing of this dry branch. There was tolerable good grass here: a little frost during the night.

Thursday, Sept'ber 16—18.—Found a spring about two hundred yards from our camp last night, to the left of the road in a clump of bushes. Winding around a hill for eight miles we came to a little creek, where is a pretty good camp; following down this a mile turned to the left, and in another mile come near to a spring branch; here ate dinner. We then crossed a very difficult place, the ground being covered with loose stone, very thick, some round and some sharp. Then rose a steep hill, after turning to the right, and a little farther another hill, (altogether about two miles); then came to a very pretty piece of table land covered with grass, where we stopped and let our cattle graze awhile; then rose another steep hill, winding around its side for six miles and passing over a level place, commenced the descent of the mountain. Here night came on us; the head drove of our cattle had started down the hill, and left the hind ones on the top, where there was good grass. At the foot of the first descent is a spring; here we struck a light, after groping our way down the hill in the dark, cooked our supper, and laid down to a refreshing sleep. One of our cattle gave out this evening and we had to leave him.

Friday, September 17—9.—The cattle left on the hillside had wandered considerably, but were found down a ravine about two hundred feet below our camp, — all recovered with little trouble. Continuing the descent, in one mile came to the crossing of Dog river; it

is quite wide here, but not more than knee deep, the channel rocky and current swift; the water has a dirty yellowish color and is very cold. The place to cross is at the head of the island. The trail is blazed from here to the lower ferry, two miles above the Cascades. In a mile and a-half stopped where was plenty of grass for an early dinner; six miles more brought us to the brow of the hill overlooking the Columbia river. .

. . The trail here goes up to a point below which the river is many hundred feet, perpendicular,—then turns sharp to the right; the descent is steep and winding for a distance, then turns sharp to the left and descends between ledges of rocks. In a few rods it turns to the right again and continues along the hillside, over a rocky trail, then winds among the bushes until it enters a grassy beach, leaving which turns to the left and descends to the river bottom, which is very marshy next to the river, and in places only wide enough for a trail. The descent is about one mile. We drove down the bottom and camped for the night: poor grass. While laying here, heard a boat passing down. While it was at least two miles off, we could hear distinctly the plash of the oars and the voice of a woman singing; afterwards learned that it was the boat upon which Camilla went down.

Saturday, September 18—8.—In a-half mile came to a very steep hill, and over a very high and steep backbone, and a short distance farther to a rocky point which was quite dangerous, from the fact that there was a large rock near the top that was quite smooth, that had a few steps cut on it, and if the ox missed the "chute" he would fall over, and very likely go to the bottom of the hill, twenty or thirty feet, onto the sharp

rocks. A company just ahead of us had a very large and fine-looking ox to fall over, but he lodged against a tree and, with some help, got up without any farther injury than some bruises: ours got across safely. Two or three more stony points were crossed, but they were of minor importance, and the rest of the way in the bottoms. Encamped about two miles above the upper ferry, after a drive of near eight miles; drove our cattle over a slough onto an island, where there was pretty good grass. They were several days behind at the ferry; provisions very high, and ours had been used up.

Sunday, September 12.—To-day one of the Coneys and myself rode down to the lower ferry, to learn the prospect for crossing there; missing it, rode on to the Cascades, and coming back found where it ought to be. The ferry station was on the opposite side, and it was not running, as it was too windy. Found that they crossed as fast as they come, and that the road was practicable. Got back about dark and found that Coneys were just crossing. (The boys got some flour to-day, at 35c. per pound.)

—One can witness some very peculiar cooking on this trail, but I believe the most primitive was in this wise: Some packers being destitute of mack-a-mack bought some flour, which they tied up in their handkerchiefs, then poured some water upon it, stirred it around a little, and, as soon as it would stick together, ran a stick through the dough and held it before a hot fire until it was baked. Our plan was to mix the flour in the camp-kettle, then, making the dough into thin cakes put it in the frying-pan until it would get sufficiently hard to bear its weight, then lean it up against a forked stick before the fire to bake. Poor as this

may seem, yet we refused \$1.00 for one of those thin cakes on Monday evening, down at the lower ferry, where the wind was too hard to cross over.

Monday, September 20—14.—Drove two miles to upper ferry, then crossed a very rocky hill, one mile, then eleven miles down the bottom, crossing a few rocky points, to the lower ferry. While stopping at noon an elk came running up within seventy-five yards of us, but galloped off in safety. Very windy and stormy during the night.

Tuesday, September 21—3.—About eight o'clock the elements ceased their commotion, and we crossed by twelve: then drove three miles over a tolerably fair road to the landing, where we found Donnel and our wagons waiting for us. Got some potatoes and turnips here, and made a pretty good supper.

Wednesday, September 22—7.—In the morning drove around the falls of Cascades, five miles, to the lower steamboat landing. The town at the head of Cascades consists of three houses, in which are two stores and one dwelling; one of the houses is two stories high—in the upper story a boarding-house, and below a store. From this house there is a plank road around the Falls, one and a-half miles long and about three feet wide, and there is one little car, with truck wheels, drawn by an old mule, on which is transported most of the goods back and forward. The road terminates abruptly, and the goods are let down fifty feet by a rope, into an open boat, to be conveyed to the steamboat, as it is too rapid for the steamer to go up so far. A great quantity of store goods is hauled around in wagons. The cost of transporting a wagon around the Falls is \$5, and freight one dollar to one twenty-five

cents. It is a very bad road ; hilly, rocky and stumpy—in fact the worst I have met with. On our way down we passed a pile of human bones that had been thrown out of a shanty that, I suppose, had been built for a vault. Perhaps they were the remains of indians who had died of the contagious fever of 1839. The bones were scattered all around,—skulls, backbones, thigh-bones and pelvis in high profusion. Alas, the poor Indian ! Not even his bones are allowed the rest of the grave, but are knocked about with the utmost contempt, and of the once powerful tribe of the Cascades but few now remain, the remnant of a mighty race. .

. . . At the steamboat landing is one single house, (a Mr. Hamilton's claim), a shanty near the river, containing some provisions, liquor, etc. We laid in some provisions, *cooked* some bread, and started out again in the evening. In one mile the trail strikes a slough, turns sharp to the right for a few rods, then sharp to the left again, into the bushes, and soon comes into an opening. In this we camped under some willows—without water, but with the best of grass.

Thursday, Sept'ber 23—13.—This morning one of the cattle absented himself, and we had the pleasure of a delicious hunt through these interminable thickets, that a bird could not fly through ; found him in half an hour and started on. In two miles came to Sugar-loaf Rock, (a solid rock, of conical shape, about two hundred feet high,) standing out insulated. In eight miles passed the *half-way house*, the only one from Hamilton's to the Columbia below the mountains. Opposite this the steamer "I. P. Flat" had sunk last night, having struck a rock. We then began the ascent of the mountains, and in three miles night came on us and we

camped on the mountain ridge, without water or grass, but the large fir trees afforded a most ample shelter.

Friday, September 24—12.—Passing over the mountain, in a-half mile we came to a fine running branch, and grass to the left, and in eight miles to the Columbia, below the range of mountains. The first of the way from the Cascades is along the river, and, with the exception of a few muddy streams to cross, is a good road. Crossing the mountain is bad in places, though nothing like as bad as above the Cascades: the woods are very thick, and cattle could be very easily lost if they strayed but a short distance from the road. The bottom here is quite wide and level, and is covered with very good grass. We drove down the bottom, and camped on a little brook; got a loaf of bread and a quart of milk from a house near by, and a few pounds of venison and pound of sugar from an indian, which made us an excellent supper and breakfast.

Saturday, September 25—3 —In three miles came to the upper ferry, and the wind being very high there was no crossing: so we lay all day, fasting on potatoes (and nothing else) at \$2.00 per bushel; and they were the very best—'the kind they have in Oregon.' In the evening drove our cattle to an island, where was the lower ferry landing. Here was good grass, and the cattle had a grand feast. The two ferries are in hot competition: the upper one crosses for a "bit" a head, and the lower charges nothing, but those paying anything can pay 10 cents.

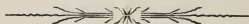
Sunday, September 25—12.—Crossed before breakfast, as the wind was fair and there was no telling how soon it might raise the whitecaps. We had to man the

oars, and it was pretty good exercise to pull our teams across the Columbia, (about a mile wide;) then come back and partook of a first-rate breakfast at the ferryman's house, at 50 cents. It was a real good farmhouse breakfast. We had boiled beets, turnips, potatoes, beef, fresh butter and milk, light bread and molasses, pies and preserves. You may be sure we did it justice. . . Here we left Whitlock, who was going to Oregon City—we to Portland. . . The ferry lands just below the mouth of Sandy. Ten miles from Portland we left our cattle on a claim, in the Columbia bottom, at 25 cents a week per head; here bought a watermelon, the first we had eaten this season.

Monday, September 27—2.—By daylight we were on the road, and in two miles were at the ferry at Portland; crossed, got a poor breakfast at 75c.; afterwards hunted up Donnel, settled off, washed and shaved, and put on some new clothes.

* * * * *

—And now, gentle reader, having led you “Across the Plains” from St. Jo., Missouri, to Portland, Oregon, I bid you a cheerful good-bye.



NOTE.—While this Narrative is largely *personal* in its expression, (necessarily so as to many of the incidents related,) its main experiences were the *common lot* of all the party.—Though dismembered soon after starting out, their Route was the same; the varied Scenery enjoyed by the way, the Trials and Sufferings endured, and the Obstacles met and overcome—these were a’l so very similar that the experiences of one were the experiences of all.

Addenda . . . By the Publisher.

The preponderating element of the Company, when they left their Decatur and Rush County homes, was of the old "Associate Reformed" (now *United*) Presbyterian mode of faith. Rev. WORTH had been their Pastor, at Springhill, more than a quarter of a century; several of the older ones were prominent in church affairs—one, at least, a Ruling Elder; and one of their fondest dreams was of founding a great Church Colony—*new* Paradise—somewhere on the Pacific Slope.

But, as the plain poet of the people has so aptly and tersely expressed it, "The best laid schemes o' mice an' men aft gang a-glee." Disintegration began at St. Jo, before they had fairly entered upon their pilgrimage. Two of the older ones—Samuel and John Gray—with their families "seceded" from the company and joined one from Missouri,—leaving St. Jo. a few weeks earlier than the Crawford party; and this was followed by other eruptions *en route*, so that, on reaching Oregon, they were scattered over the country, and never got together, as a whole. (Mrs. DONNELL tells of the early abodes of a few families.)

As time passed the younger people drifted to other parts. Thomas D. Henry and wife, Scott Patton, McCoy and Thomson returned to their old homes; John Baldridge lives at Covington, Kentucky; Thomas H. Crawford, a son of the doctor, has for many years been at the head—was its founder, as we understand—of a leading Educational institution in Portland, and two of his sisters, (Mrs. Lizzie Smith and Mrs. Roxanna Starr,) are at Salem, Oregon; Dr. George W. Gray, a son of Samuel, is a physician of San Jose, California; Mrs Geo. H. Perkins, another of the younger emigrants, at Gloucester, Massachusetts, and yet another, Mrs. M. M. Glover, at Cloverdale, Washington. The whereabouts of the Githenses seems to be unknown to my correspondents,

MORAL.—Don't "bank" on Communism or Socialism. Man is a wilful, migratory creature, and "when you put your finger on him he . . . is n't there."

Members of the Original Crawford Party.

—Those in *Italics* are dead.—

FAMILIES AND ATTACHES.

- | | | |
|--------|---|---|
| I. | <i>Thomas Henry</i> and wife. | |
| | Mary Stevenson, Thomas F. Foster, <i>Alex. M. Foster.</i> | 5 |
| II. | Thomas D. Henry and wife, (nee Rebecca Meek.) | 2 |
| III. | William M. Mahan and wife. | 2 |
| IV. | <i>Dr Robert B. Crawford</i> and wife, (nee Henry.) | |
| | Children—Thomas H., <i>Andrew B.</i> , Robert E.,
Elizabeth R. | |
| | Harriet Snyder. | 7 |
| V. | James Downie and wife. | |
| | Children—Helen, <i>Thomas</i> , Gordon, Ann. | |
| VI. | <i>Rev. James Worth</i> and wife. | |
| | "Grandfather" <i>Worth</i> , (his father.) | |
| | Children— <i>Sarah</i> , <i>Mary</i> , William, <i>John</i> . | 7 |
| VII. | James Finlayson and wife, (Ohio.) | |
| | James, <i>Golin</i> , Kate | 5 |
| VIII. | James B. Forsythe and wife, Ohio. | |
| | A daughter. | |
| IX. | George Githens and wife. | |
| | Children—William, Rudolph. | 4 |
| X. | William Lewellen and wife,)
John Lewellan.) (Missourians.) | 3 |
| XI. | <i>Zelic . Donnell</i> and wife, nee Thomson. | 2 |
| XII. | <i>Samuel Gray</i> and wife, nee Worth. | 2 |
| XIII. | Daniel and Samuel McClellan. | 2 |
| XIV. | Wm. L. Watkins and wife. | |
| | Three sons and one daughter. | 6 |
| XV. | James <i>Hunt</i> and wife. | |
| | Three daughters. | 5 |
| XVI. | <i>Samuel Bell</i> and wife and son, Ohio. | 3 |
| XVII. | <i>Gabriel Lewis</i> and wife, nee Carroll. | 2 |
| XVIII. | —— Grubbs and wife, Ohio. | |
| | Three daughters. | 5 |

XIX	Daniel T. Craig and <i>wife</i> —nee Swen.	2
XX	—— Buck and wife, Ohio.	2
XXI.	David Gray and wife, (several children.)	4
XXII.	James Gray and wife, " "	2
XXIV.	John Gray and wife.	2
XXV.	Lorenzo E. Gray and <i>wife</i> .	2
XXVI.	George W. Gray and wife.	2
XXVII.	Isaac N. Smith and wife, nee Gray.	2
XXVIII	<i>James H. Foster</i> and <i>wife</i> , nee Gray.	2
XXIX.	<i>Bird Wagoner</i> and <i>wife</i> , nee Gray.	2

Twenty-nine families.

84

SINGLE MEN.

<i>Origen Thomson,</i>	<i>Nathaniel Scott Patton,</i>
Sutherland McCoy,	David Glover,
John W. Baldrige,	Charles Nye,
Lewis Felton,	D. H. Bodine,
Pierson Patton,	M. D. Hewitt,
Solomon Rayden,	John Pollock,
Thomas T. Foster,	David Owens.
James Po'lock,	Calvin Walker,
Robert Pollock,	—— Hewitt,
"Bachelor" Brown,	—— Worth, Ohio,
—— Flynn.	—— Bell, "
Archibald Ball,	2 Lindlaysons, Mo.
Enoch Compton,	Robert Garner.

Single men, 27.

No. in families, 84.

Total No. 111

NOTE.—This list has been secured by correspondence with members of the party; all, of course, of the younger generation; and is, for this reason, necessarily imperfect.

Mr. McCoy's Story.

His Buffalo Hunt, and Battle with Mountain Wolves.

AS SEVERAL of our party had been trying to kill Buffalo on horseback, and had failed, (for the reason that we had no horses in our train that had been accustomed to buffalo hunting—would shy off, and not give the rider a chance to get a shot at *short range*, and, consequently the aim was very uncertain,) and, as I had no horse of my own, I concluded to try hunting *a-foot* the first opportunity; and, as the order had come to "not break camp to-day," but to wash, and rest the teams, as we had excellent grass and good water, an old man named Brown, who was traveling with us, and who I supposed had been quite a hunter in his younger days, said to me, "We will take our guns, and go farther up the creek to wash our clothes, and while they dry on our backs go buffalo hunting." I remarked to him—"You are certainly a mind-reader, as I was just thinking of making such a proposition to you."

With our guns and a good supply of ammunition, and a red blanket that I usually carried with me for the purpose of decoying antelope, slipping away very quietly from the camp, we were not long in finding a suitable place for washing—just out-of-sight of the camp. Stripping off and wading in we found the water very cold; and, as Brown said it was not healthy to remain long in so cold water, our washing was soon over and, with our clothes on our backs to dry, for fear we might

be discovered and followed by the other boys, who who would gladly have accompanied us on a hunt, we *sneaked* away. (Let me say right here, that day's experience cured me of any disposition to "go it alone." My motto after that was, 'the more the merrier.') Before proceeding farther let me describe how we managed to kill antelope. . . .

. A hunter on horseback should, provided the horse will suffer him to shoot off his back, ride in a circle, gradually diminishing it; then the shot to be made the moment the horse comes to a halt, or the antelope will be 'on the wing.' But the most successful way to capture an antelope is, to be provided with either a red or white blanket and forked stick, say five or six feet in length, with the lower end sharpened so as to be readily stuck in the ground. When the hunter would sight them they would always be on an elevation, never in a ravine or valley, let him then gently raise his blind—if the wind is not blowing in the direction of the game. If it is, he will have to change his position; and, if the wind happens to be blowing enough to wave the blanket, slightly, that much the better. Then, if the hunter will exercise a little patience, he is almost sure of his game, as its curiosity to inspect the "blind" will bring it within gun-shot—providing the man behind the blanket keeps well under cover; but when his gun and head goes around the blind the shot must be made at the first sight he catches; if not, the game is gone with the speed of the wind.

. After a walk of two miles across the valley, and about the same distance into the hills, we sighted a buffalo herd—some lying down and some grazing. We decided to take advantage of the hills and wind, and

after another long walk ascended an elevation that we thought would bring us within gun-shot: but in this we were mistaken. Brown proposed that we get upon our hands and knees and crawl a short distance, thinking the buffalo would mistake us for some prairie animals, and would not frighten. We were just about to congratulate ourselves on the success of our *ruse*, and almost under cover of another elevation that would have brought us within short range, when a little incident occurred that spoiled the whole business. I was crawling in front, and had disturbed a little prairie "rattler," and as Brown was crawling over him he threw himself in a fighting position and rattled vigorously, which brought Brown to his feet, and away went the buffalos. Continuing a mile or two farther we came in sight of a large herd, and taking advantage of the hills came up, over rather a steep rocky hillside, in good range.

In the distance were cows and calves, but we decided to fire at the one closest to us, an old bull, and at the crack of our guns down the old chap went; Brown said he had fixed him, but by the time we had re-loaded the old fellow was on his feet and making a bee-line for us, the herd all following; and, to avoid being run over and trampled to death, we ran to one side—just in time to save our lives. Brown took a broadside shot at the old chap as he passed within thirty yards of us, and I at a calf, but the only effect of my shot that I could see was to increase its speed. Not so, however, as to Brown's shot, for the old chap, as soon as he could check himself on the steep decline on which they were running, turned and came crippling up the hill toward us again, and by the time we had reloaded was in short range. Brown then gave him a shot in the the head, and I in the breast, hoping to penetrate the

heart from the front: but these shots seemed only to increase his desire to attack us, and by mutual consent we climbed over the brow of the hill, to get out of his sight, and reloaded.

After waiting some time in considerable suspense, expecting the buffalo to come over the hills after us, and no appearance of him, we ventured to look over the crest of the hill, hoping to see a dead buffalo, but, to our disappointment, saw a wounded one some eighty rods away, crippling off in the direction the herd had taken. Brown said to me, "You can do as you please as to following them, but I go no farther in that direction;" and gave it as his opinion that we were then at least ten miles from our camp: I signified my intention to follow the buffalo, as I did not think he could go far before I would get him. I gave him my forked stick and blanket, that he might hunt antelope on his way to camp, as we had seen a great many during the day. When I came up with the buffalo there were a great many white wolves, (or "buffalo" wolves, as they were called,) attracted, I suppose, by the smell of blood, following after him, and when they would come very close he would charge upon them; and after getting several shots, at rather long range, I succeeded in killing him. All this time the wolves had been increasing in numbers, and when the buffalo fell I made a charge—killing and shooting with my revolver, and so managed as to be first to reach the carcass. In an instant, however, I was surrounded, and used my rifle at short range, and with deadly effect.

Then opened a scene I had never before witnessed: wolves devouring their own dead and wounded; and, in some instances, those not wounded would be seized by two or three wolves at each end, who jerking

in opposite directions would tear them asunder and devour them almost as quickly as I have been describing it. With hair standing on end, and legs rather shaky, I carved into the carcass for a small portion of meat to carry back to camp; (but had I known then, what I learned by experience long before I reached there, I would not have attempted a thing so fool-hardy.) . Cutting a strip off its hide and stringing the meat on it across my shoulder, in the manner I would carry my canteen, I started for camp. It seemed then that the hungry devils begrudged me the small morsel I took, as they raised a terrific howl, and seemed on the point of charging on me.

. I quickly decided that my time was *now or never*; and with revolver in one hand and gun in the other, firing as fast as I could, charged through their lines. . They merely opened their ranks sufficiently to let me out. Then followed a scene that baffles human language to adequately describe. . . . With one simultaneous rush the entire pack was on the carcass, snarling, and fighting, and piling on top of each other. Feeling somewhat grateful to them for allowing me free passage through their ranks, after having me in such close quarters, I could not resist the temptation to turn and fire at the seething mass, which seemed but to increase their fury. . . . Then I began to congratulate myself, thinking surely there can be no more white wolves within a radius of at least twenty miles, as they were certainly all in it the feast; but after footing it at a rapid gait, and covering several miles in the direction of camp, I was was horrified to hear the long-drawn-out howl of the white wolf off to my left, in the direction from which the wind was blowing, and soon that howl

was answered by another, and then another, and then I knew they had scented me.

. My first inclination was to throw down my meat, and let them have it; then again I thought that, at the speed I was traveling, if I could hold out, I certainly would reach camp before night overtook me; and did not think a fresh pack would be fool-hardy enough to attack me in daylight for a small piece of meat. By this time—the time it takes me to tell it—their numbers had, and were yet rapidly increasing, and their howl was almost continuous. How I scanned the horizon, hoping to come in view, even at a distance off, of our covered wagons; and what fun it would be to the boys in camp to see me coming in at a break-neck speed, pursued by a pack of hungry wolves.

. The sun went down, and no wagon train in sight, but myriads of wolves in my wake and on either side; and, having sighted their victim, their voices changed. (I have learned since then, that while away in the distance their howl is long-drawn-out and mournful, when they sight their game it is shorter and sharper, and, to my ear, it is much more blood-curdling.) As the sun was now down and the shades of night coming on, I concluded to halt and shoot a few of them, as they were in short range, hoping they would stop to devour the dead and wounded and ease up on me,—shooting a few times with deadly effect. On stopping I unloaded my buffalo meat, to give my shoulders a rest, but when I come to take it up it seemed so heavy that I decided to divide with them, retaining only a few pounds.

. About this time I discovered a lone tree, on the summit of a very steep hill, and somewhat out of the

direction I was traveling, and at once decided to run for it, which I did with all the speed I could command. The hill was so steep I had to come down to a walk; and, to my horror, on reaching it I found it was almost surrounded by wolves, as they were crowding closely in the rear and running in two parallel lines with me. It had begun to look as though they would surround, and take me in, before I could reach the tree; and as some were within a few steps of me I turned, and with my revolver fired a few shots into them, and while they were devouring the wounded succeeded in reaching the tree, which proved to be a cedar, possibly eight inches in diameter. I could just reach the lower limbs, and, shoving my gun up into them, by almost super-human effort drew myself up after it.

From my perch in the tree I could see the Emigrant camp-fires, a mile or two away, and had the wind been blowing from their direction they must have heard the baying of the wolves and my firing quite distinctly. Trimming out a few small branches and seating myself,—thinking to rest pretty comfortably in the tree until morning, or until the wolves should leave me, and feeling that I did not want to do any more running that night, (all the while the hungry devils snarling, snapping and fighting below me,) I thought to change the exercises and have some circus acting in connexion with that menagerie. . . . So taking a long-bladed knife that I carried in my belt, and trimming off the ends of the limb, so that the wolves could have a fair view of the meat, which was hung on the limb, and bracing myself securely, with a good grip on it with the left and the knife in the right hand, all was in readiness for opening the performance. The jumping exercise began as soon as they saw the meat,—or, rather, they would

stand upright on their hind legs and spring at the bait, but hardly high enough for me to reach them with the knife. Finally one big fellow who had been snarling around considerably, and acting as though he was the master of ceremonies, drew back some distance and, with a warning snarl that caused the others to open a way for him, his eyes shining like gas jets, bounded forward and crouching to the ground made a leap that excelled anything of the kind I had ever witnessed. His aim was not exactly true, or he would have got the meat, for his great jaws cracked together almost in my face. I lost no time in pulling in the meat and climbing higher in the tree.

. Whether or not I made a thrust at him with the knife I could not tell, as I was so astonished I hardly knew anything just then. I had then climbed about as high as I could, the tree beginning to bend under my weight, when, to my horror, I discovered the brutes were gnawing it down. Their biting and jerking kept the top in a constant quiver, which caused cold chills to creep up and down my spinal column, and most serious thoughts were rushing through my mind. One was that my fate would never be known, for if the tree was gnawed down I would be devoured alive; another, and the one uppermost in my mind, was what a fool I had been in slipping off from the boys that morning, and how acceptable the company of a few of them would have been from the time the wolves first made their appearance. And while thus deploring my condition the thought occurred that I might be better engaged—in shooting the wolves.

. As they stood on their hind legs, chawing the tree, their eyes glared at me like coals of fire. I still had a few rounds left for my revolver, and as soon as

I commenced shooting the fighting and devouring of the wounded commenced. Whenever a wolf began to gnaw at the tree I shot at his head. This did not last a great while until, to my great relief, they began to disappear. . . After remaining some time in the tree, I came down and, to my great relief, there were no *live* wolves in sight. I presume they had satisfied their hunger by feasting upon their fellows; and, as I stood among the bones and carcasses of the dead that were strewn around the tree, how thankful I was to the—*Allen Revolver*—that had saved my life; for, on examination of that tree, I found it was half eaten down.

—Now let me say to the reader, this incident occurred *forty-four years ago*, and yet my recollection of that night is as vividly before my mind as if it had occurred yesterday, and yet I can never describe my feelings. One short hour before I thought my fate sealed; and such a fate . . . too horrible to contemplate. Imagine a condemned culprit standing in the presence of his executioner, who is ready prepared to carry out the sentence of death, when suddenly a commutation is granted, and you have it.

—A walk of about two miles brought me to camp, a-half mile from which I was met by several of the boys, who had started out to look me up. My old friend Brown had returned to camp late in the afternoon, had laid down in his tent to rest, and fallen asleep, and not waking until after night was very much alarmed about my safety, and was heading the party that met me. I shall never forget his salutation. Seizing me by the hand he thanked God that they had found me alive, for—as he said—“I expected the indians had got your scalp.” He knew, from the way I had out-footed him

every time we had retreated that day, that no wounded buffalo could catch me on the run.

—I told him I was sorry he could not have stayed with me, as I had a bushel of fun shooting wolves,—which the same was not *strictly true*, however.

SUTHERLAND McCOY.

CLARKSBURG, IND., June 1896.



The foregoing fills the measure promised in the Circular announcing this little Work; and the Publisher feels that he could here very properly write....."FINIS;".... but it was not so ordained..... Other matters incident to "Crossing the Plains" have asked for, and been awarded a place. . . No apologies offered. No thanks asked.

P To the friends who have extended him "substantial" encouragement in his work the Publisher here and now returns his most grateful thanks.

—The Work being published by subscription, and only a few extra copies printed, persons who have intended to, but have not ordered, should do so . . . AT ONCE.

Incidents of the Trip of the Gray Party.

Contributed by Dr. G. W. GRAY, of San Jose, Cal.

PASSING over that portion of the Doctor's narrative relating to the trip from Madison to St Jo, ("shooting" the Falls at Louisville, and the steamboat voyage down the Ohio and up the Mississippi and Missouri rivers,) which made, of course, a vivid and lasting impression on the mind of the youthful Hoosier, but which has been sufficiently described in another paper, we introduce him to the reader at the point where the Gray families withdrew from the Crawford party.

* * * On our arrival at St. Jo we formed the acquaintance of a party from Peoria, Illinois, that was also on their road to Oregon, and learned that one of their company had been twice across the Plains; and, as they were intending to start some weeks sooner than the Crawford company, my father's family—with the exception of brother Samuel, who had married Rev. Worth's daughter—Uncle John's family, and some others from Preble County, Ohio, concluded to go with them, believing it better to have an experienced guide, who knew the route, than one not actually posted. As soon as the necessary teams, provisions, and other outfit could be procured, and all put in readiness for travel we took up the line of march, making our first camp about four miles up the river. The next morning the company, composed of seventy persons—as many as could well be accommodated by nineteen wagons—was ferried across the Missouri and made the start *Westward*.

. . . After many weeks of monotonous camp-life and travel we came to the ford of the wonderful Platte River, where the stream, including a small island near the center, is said to be two miles wide,—a sea of water and shifting sand, and no way of crossing but by fording. Horseback riders were sent over to ascertain the depth of water, and the most solid bottom; and, on their return, one after another started in. The last to start was the team usually driven by myself, (at that time sick with scarlet fever,) and the new driver, not being very well verse in ox-lore, could not persuade them to keep up the "long pull—

the strong pull—and the pull-all-together." So we came to a halt, and had to remain there, in the sinking sands, the water nearly into the wagon box, until the other teams had got over and returned to help us out.

. . . Once over the Platte we had fair sailing until arriving at the swollen waters of the North Platte. Here we found enterprising men, who had gone there early in the season and prepared two row ferry boats, each just large enough to contain one wagon at a time, without any team. Mr. "Enterprise" demanded what seemed exorbitant prices, \$6 00 per wagon for ferrying wagons across; and when the captain offered him \$3.00, he said "No." Our captain then told him if he did not accept our offer we would take charge of the boats, and take our train over ourselves. He then threatened us with the indians, but to this the captain replied, "Bring on your indians, and we will clean them out first, and finish you afterwards." So our men took charge of his boats and we were soon landed on the other shore, while others drove the stock some distance up stream and swam them across.

The next serious impediment to our progress was the swollen waters of the Portuiff river, where there were no ferry boats and nearly one half the width of the stream too deep to ford, with a very miry bottom on the opposite shore. A number of men on horseback swam over and cut willows and threw them into the muddy road, to make it passable. The wagon boxes were raised up to the tops of the standards, tying them securely, then boards or cross pieces placed on top of the bodies, as a platform on which to place the bedding and provisions, and, after putting the women and children on top of these, and hitching a string of cattle, perhaps fifteen or twenty yoke, to the wagon, all was in readiness to move.

—On entering the stream riders on horses, on each side of the teams, guided them straight across, until the leaders would approach near swimming, then turn them up stream, keeping the oxen at the tongue going straight ahead, and when the leaders had gone the right distance turning them into the swimming water, and by the time the wheel cattle were into the swim the leaders would strike bottom towards the other shore, and thus draw them out. And this process was repeated until all were landed safely over. *Safely*—with the exception of one wagon: this struck a steep bank at an angle that upset it, throwing a

a woman and one or two other persons into the stream. The woman's clothing caught on some part of the wagon and she was drawn under and came near drowning, but willing hands succeeded in rescuing her before life was extinct.

. . . From this crossing we traveled a few miles farther, where we struck most excellent grass, water and fuel. Here called a halt of two days, and held a *Fourth of July Celebration*; had an oration by one of the company, toasts, etc., accompanied by vocal and instrumental music, (there being good violins and violinists in the company); a big dinner followed, and every body seemed to have a good time, although hundreds of miles from the white settlements.

. . . How strange it had all-the-while seemed, while traveling over the beautiful valleys and rolling hills and prairies of what is now the populous and fruitful states of Kansas and Nebraska, we should have gone on, many hundreds of miles farther to obtain homes, when there were thousands of acres of rich and beautiful agricultural and grazing lands, right at hand, unoccupied by any one except the wild savage *

. . . Another day, as our teams were dragging slowly along over the smooth, rolling desert lands, (some of the oxen nearly fagged out—their tongues lolling out of their mouths,) we met a "squad" of Hudson-Bay Fur Company men, returning from the western wilds with their wagons heavily laden with buffalo hides and other valuable skins and furs, making their way toward an eastern market. As soon as our oxen smelled them one gave a most distressing b-a-w-l-, which was rapidly taken up by many others, until all seemed to join in the refrain; then all their tails went straight up into the air, when all joined, as though Old Satan himself, was close in pursuit, in one grand race for life; but before they had ran a great distance they were, by a little strategy of the drivers, "persuaded" to head for the road, and all went well again except by those who *enjoyed* [?] the rough ride.

. . . On another occasion, while our train was moving quietly along, the horse and ox teams being near each other, a

*This thought was often expressed to me by my brother, after his return, who added, "We saw nothing in Oregon thot surpassed the Platte Valley."

band of warrior indians was cited in the distance, approaching very rapidly, and making demonstrations that boded no good. The company was quickly called to a halt, and all the men who could be spared from other service got out their guns, examined to see that all were in good order and well loaded, and formed in two companies—one marching at the front, and the other at the rear of the train. As the indians approached they saw we were prepared for them, and that our men had fire in their eyes and meant business; so they turned about and passed by on the other side, at a safe distance. After passing and repassing our company two or three times, that day, they apparently concluded we were a rather formidable foe, and so rode away, and were seen no more.

. . . One evening, while fording a shallow stream, I noticed that all the teams seemed to have new life imparted into them, all of a sudden. As they neared the other shore they would suddenly jump, and start up on the double-quick. I looked for rattle-snakes, snapping-turtles, or other venomous reptile or insect, to give them such fright, but looked in vain. On wading in, to guide the oxen in the right way, I was quickly *persuaded* to get myself out of there. There were hot springs boiling up in the bed of the stream, and, when the boiling water came in contact with my pedal extremities, it reminded me of the story of the Pennsylvania Dutchman who, stooping down at one of these springs to slake his thirst, and suddenly discovering it was hot, rising hastily, called to his son, who was driving the team: "Drive on, S-h-a-k-e; drive on! Hell ish not von mile from dis place!"

. . . Nature's roadways are not always smooth, and in many instances require engineering skill as to the best mode of procedure. But, on the Plains, primitive methods had often to be hastily adopted. In descending precipitous hills, or mountains, the plan was, to rough-lock the wheels, by tying a log-chain around them; then tying small trees, top forward, behind the wagon,—the limbs so cut that they would pull hard upon the ground. In some cases, in going over very steep banks, a rope was attached behind the wagon, and men standing at the top would swing upon the rope—might and main—to prevent it from upsetting the team.

. . . Another incident comes to my mind. That was the descent of a very rough, steep mountain from the ferry over the

Deschutes river, where all the able-bodied men, women and children were required to walk: one lady had just alighted and started up the steep, rocky road when, of a sudden, a loud report was heard, and a shaking of the ground announced that something strange had happened. Part of a small keg of powder had, by some unaccountable means, exploded, and many of the contents of that wagon suddenly taken flight . . . upwards. —provisions, clothing, bedding, feathers and guns were raining down all around.

. . . After many hardships, some sickness, one birth and one marriage—no loss of life, but considerable loss of stock—we arrived safely, on the third day of September, 1852, in that good land, (one of the most beautiful, healthful and pleasant the sun shines upon,) the Willamette Valley; camping, the first time in five months, in a land where white, civilized people lived and had homes. * * * * *

GEORGE W. GRAY.

SAN JOSE, CAL., MAY 1896.

The Robbins Families.

ANNO DOMINI 1852 was a year fruitful of Emigration,—perhaps the most productive in that way of any in the history of American civilization; certainly so, if we except 1849, the California "Golden Era." But 1852 was the year that struck South-eastern Indiana, and especially Decatur County, hardest. The Springhill company was not a lone one to "Westward Ho!" at that time. Another was the Robbins families, who went from the lower Sandcreek region, and who, though not so large in numbers as the Springhill, were quite as well known, and respected in their locality.

. The heads of these families, Nathaniel and Jacob Robbins, were among the most substantial men of Sandcreek Township—large land-owners and prosperous farmers—and why they should have broken up their homes of more than a quarter of a century, and sundered all the consequent home ties, to found new homes in a strange land and among strangers, is one of the

mysteries that can only be explained by that "Divinity that shapes our ends."

Nathaniel Robbins was one of five brothers and three sisters—Jacob, Marmaduke, John, William and himself, and Mistresses Herron, Kirkpatrick and Anderson—who came to Decatur County in 1822 and 1823, all settling on Sandcreek, a few miles south of Greensburg, and the tracts originally entered by two of them, (John and William,) are still owned by their sons. In 1851, when Nathaniel sold his possessions there, in view of his removal, he was the largest land-holder in Sandcreek Township, and close up with the "wealthiest" men in the County, at that time.

But a short time previous to this Decatur County had voted to take \$75,000 stock in the "Lawrenceburg and Upper Mississippi (now Big 4) Railroad Company"—\$50,000 in the Edinburg and \$25,000 in a branch to Rushville. The common talk then was, (this historian does not vouch for its truthfulness,) that Robbins become frightened at the future prospect of being *taxed to death*, sold his lands for railroad stock, sold that at a discount, and then hurried himself away.

The "Robbins Company," when it left Decatur County, consisted of thirty-four persons, all but four of whom were Robbinses by birth-right or marriage-right. These four exceptions were John Lewis, William Frank, William Sharp and Elizabeth Sharp. The members of the Robbins family were . . .

1. Nathaniel Robbins and wife, nee Nancy Robbins, the old patriarchs of the family.
2. William F. Robbins (a son) and wife, nee Melvina My-and three children.
3. James A. Robbins (son) and wife, nee Minerva Hamilton.
4. Absolom Barnes (son-in-law) and wife, nee Emaline Robbins, and two children.
4. John Henry Hamilton, (son-in-law) and wife, nee Jane Robblus.
5. Nathaniel Norval Robbins (son) and two children.
6. Dow Robbins (son) single.
7. Three single daughters—Zobeda, Nancy, Anjeline.

II. Jacob Robbins, ("Red-House Jake"—a distant relative,) and wife, nee Sarah Spilman.

Four sons—Levi, Harvey, Oliver and Thomas.

Two daughters—Names unknown.

Three single men—John Lewis, William Sharp and William Frank.

. . . The Senior Robbins and his family, (including his sons with their families, and his sons-in-law, with theirs,) went to western Missouri, overland, in the Fall of 1851, while Jacob and his family started in the early Spring following. There they were joined by other friends, and on the 15th of May crossed the Missouri river. Theirs was a serious journey; much sickness and several deaths.

Four deaths occurred in Nathaniel's family but a few weeks after starting, and within fewer days of each other,—Absolon Barnes and wife, Emeline, and Amanda and Mahala; and both himself and wife were, at the same time, seriously ill. Scarcely one of the party escaped affliction of some character: diarrhea, cholera, or mountain fever.

These afflictions occasioned much delay in their movement—often of several days together; while several times they were compelled, on account of the absence of pure water, to remove their sick, at very great hazard; to add to this, winter closed in on them while yet in the mountains.

November 11th they passed the mouth of the Willamette, and the next day reached Portland: six months, lacking three days, from the day they crossed the Missouri.





